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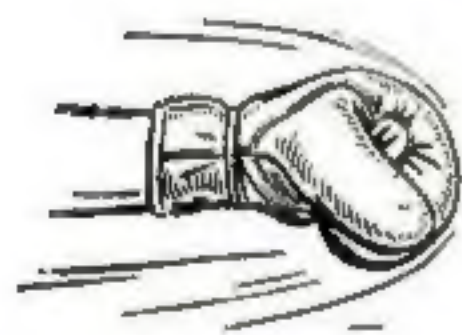


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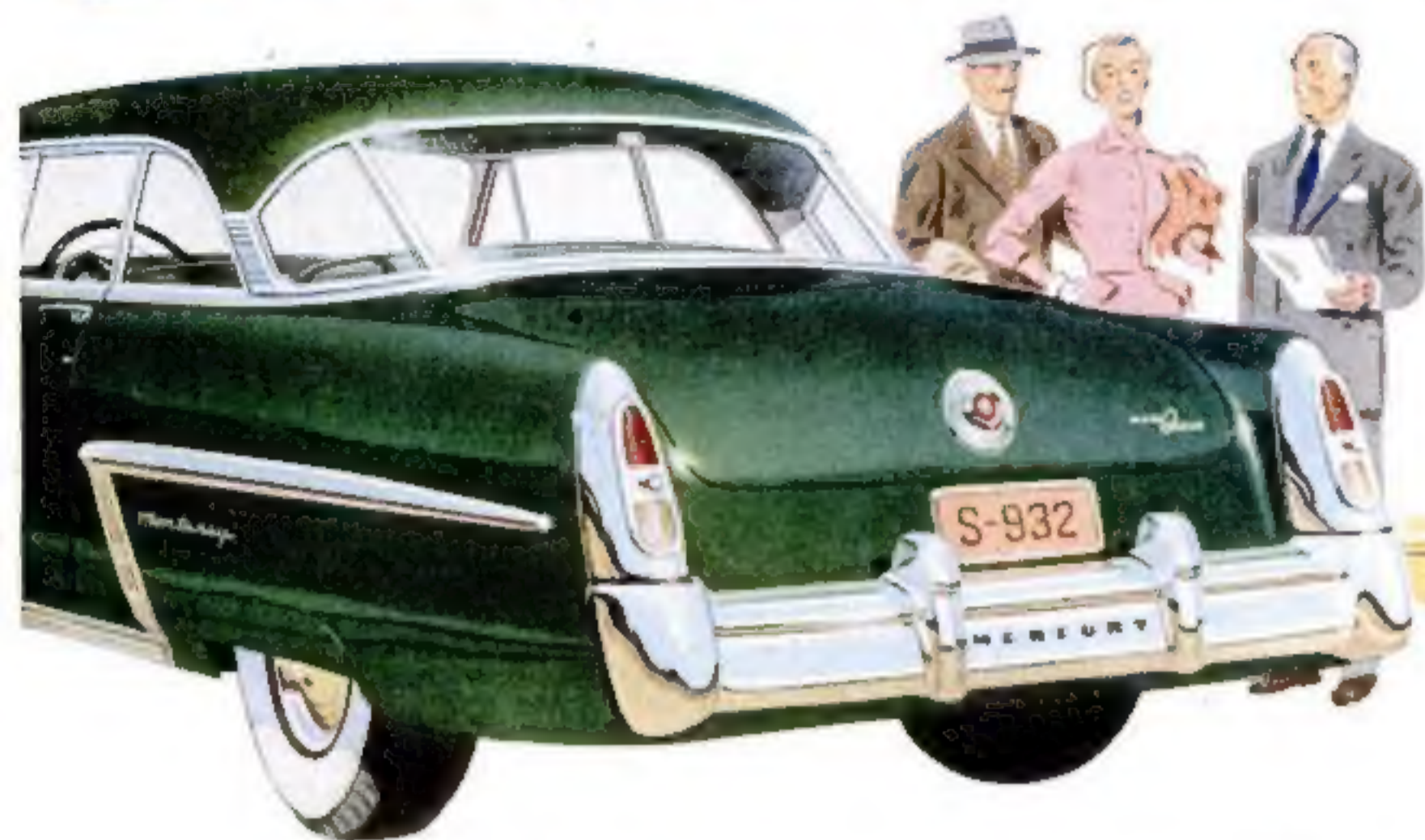
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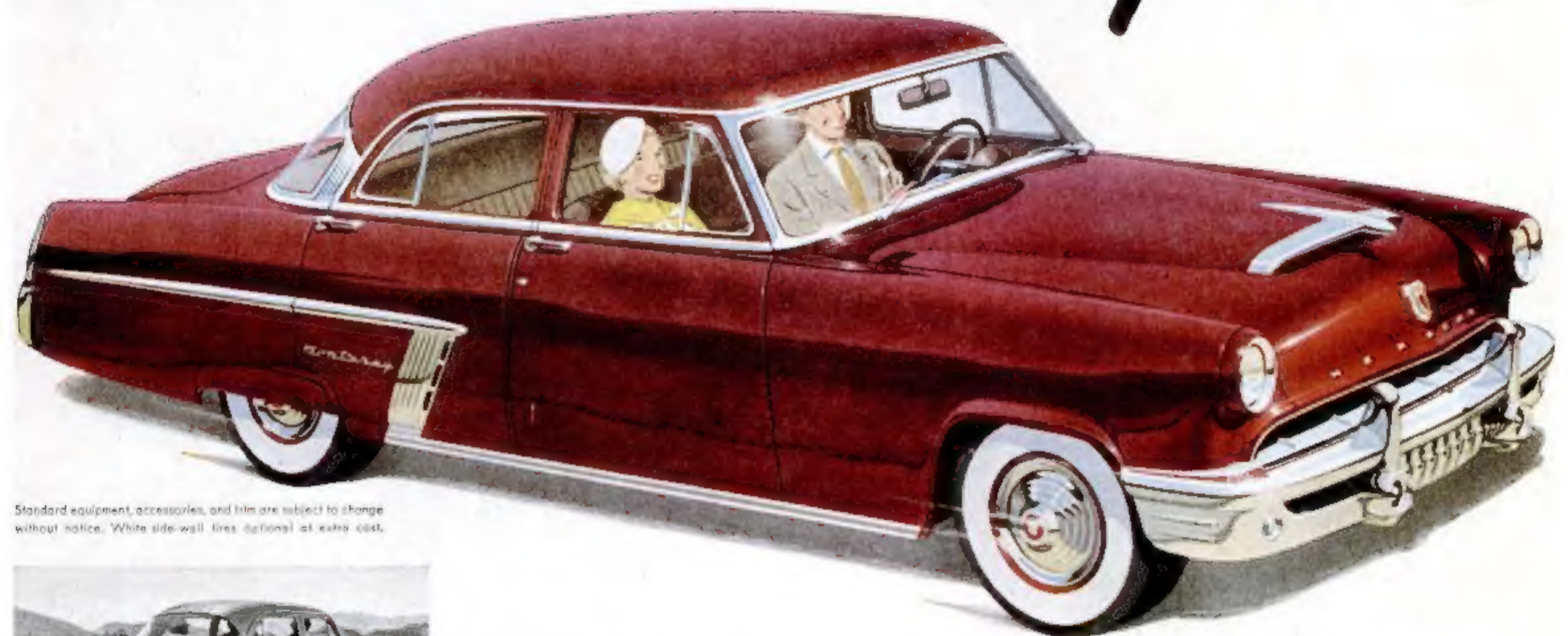
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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

IKE AT ABILENE

Sirs:

I am not a Republican and will probably never vote G.O.P. until it becomes the B.N.P. (Brand New . . .), but if anything was needed to clear the air of conjecture as to where Eisenhower stands, it was your fine article, "Voters See Close-up of Eisenhower" (LIFE, June 16). Now the Democrats are certain to win.

STUART COTTLIER

Suitland, Md.

Sirs:

. . . It will be no smallness or lack of maturity on the part of Eisenhower that keeps him from becoming president, but rather an ignorance and an immaturity in most of the American people. For most of us are interested only in our individual sense of values and opinions . . . not in the welfare of the world as a whole, nor indeed in the nation as a whole. We think of ourselves as a generous "big brother" nation, and can't understand why the rest of the world won't grant us this in its thinking. The reason is simple: we go about our self-imposed chore grudgingly.

HARRY PEAKMAN

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Below the picture of the cornerstone-laying in Abilene, you state that with General Eisenhower is his brother Milton. I was graduated from Pennsylvania State College, where Milton S. Eisenhower is president. The gentleman you call Milton is certainly not he.

JACK STINSON

Johnstown, Pa.



● It was Brother Earl Eisenhower, not Brother Milton. Earl (left, above), who resembles Milton (right), points out the differences: "We both have hair—some—but mine is red and Milton's dark. I wear horn-rimmed spectacles, Milton wears the steel-rimmed kind."—ED.

Sirs:

After we Republican girls had shouted ourselves hoarse that Ike was our candidate because we thought he had the glamor that would win the election, you let us down with that batch of unflattering shots. Why couldn't you have left his charms to the imagination?

MARY BROWN

New York, N.Y.

NATIONAL GOLF DAY

Sirs:

I notice on the sketch ("14,000 Golfers Beat Ben Hogan," LIFE, June 16) you show Hogan using a six

iron on the 198-yard twelfth hole. This appears quite a distance for a No. 6 iron, insofar as on two other holes where Hogan used an iron from the tee he was only hitting 210 yards with a No. 1 iron.

JAMES W. SNIPES

Dunn, N.C.

● On this shot Hogan had a strong wind behind him. Also, the tee marker had been moved up, and the twelfth hole was shorter than the marked 198 yards. Where trees cut the wind his drives fell short.—ED.

Sirs:

The week before Ben Hogan Day I decided to have my own medal made just in case my game was not up to par. To my knowledge it is the only one in captivity.

However my net score was 70, so I got my medal anyway.

DON MACLACHLAN

Toronto, Ont., Canada



MR. MACLACHLAN'S HOGAN MEDAL

Sirs:

LIFE did not mention the youngest golfer to beat Hogan without the handicap. He is 15-year-old Wilfred Homenuik, and he played out of our Deer Park Golf Course. He shot a 69. Par is 67.

Wilfred (90 pounds), who is one of four golfing brothers, explains his 260-yard drives: "I puts my weight behind it."

STAN ORODIAC

Yorkton, Sask., Canada

COLLECTING INSECTS

Sirs:

I got together the materials you listed ("Collecting Insects," LIFE, June 16). I made my own butterfly net from a coat hanger, a broom handle and some cheesecloth. I have collected several specimens already. Thank you for printing the article.

DOUGLAS W. DODDS JR.

Clayton, Mo.

SOCIALISTS

Sirs:

As the venerable firebrand whom you pictured in your story, "Socialist Torch Burns Low" (LIFE, June 16), allow me to offer a correction. Socialism is the most important issue in the world today, and while the various socialist organizations in America are weak, they will not die . . . He that hath faith shall not make haste.

ARCHIBALD CRAIG

Oxford, Pa.

Sirs:

In your editorial on the demise of the American Socialist party ("Farewell to Socialism," LIFE, June 16), you imply that socialism has died in this country. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Features of socialism which we have in America today are: progressive taxation, government control of electric power production and control of farm production.

As you state, the American people have voted against the theory of socialism at the polls, but haven't we been condoning its practice for 20 years?

CARL J. STRUNK

New York, N.Y.

SHIP RAISER HITS JACKPOT

Sirs:

The chief engineer of the *Arizona Sloop* ("Octogenarian's Jackpot," LIFE, June 16) before it went aground was Charles E. Milbury, a widely known expert on philately, and he promoted what was known as the "Sea Jug Post." Letters addressed to various stamp collectors were postmarked on the ship and placed in jugs. When

the *Arizona Sloop* neared the Florida coast these jugs were thrown into the sea. Practically all were picked up by someone on the beach, and their contents were mailed. There were thousands of these collectors, and the sinking of the *Arizona Sloop* ended this service.

BLENUS WILLIAMS

Orlando, Fla.

HONOR TO THE HOST

Sirs:

After looking at the most wonderful scene of 842 priests being ordained at the Eucharistic Congress in Barcelona ("Honor to the Host," LIFE, June 16), I thought to myself, what a magnificent challenge to Stalin and Tito.

For every one of our bishops and priests they murder and imprison, 100 more rise up to take their place. "Truly the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it."

BELLA BENISON

Los Angeles, Calif.

MELTING METALS IN MID-AIR

Sirs:

Your article, "Melting Metals in Mid-Air" (LIFE, June 16), was very interesting, but two things about it puzzle me.

1) If the metals mentioned can be melted by the furnace shown, the temperature will be at least from 1,220° F. for aluminum to 4,748° F. for molybdenum. Why won't the wire in the electromagnet melt or, at least, the insulation burn?

2) If the metals are held in mid-air by the electromagnetic field, they must possess magnetic properties. But aluminum is nonmagnetic.

JIM KOOLMAR

Detroit, Mich.

● 1) Water is forced through the copper tubing to cool the coils. 2) The metal spheres to be melted need have no inherent magnetic properties. A field of electromagnetic force is created by the current passing through the furnace coils; this in turn induces an opposing force field around the object. The resulting repulsion between fields suspends the sphere, at the same time the induced heat melts it.—ED.

Sirs:

LIFE's pictures of metals being melted in mid-air remind me of an old story which every generation should know:

The village idiot was watching the great scientist at his work. Baffled, he finally asked the G.S. what he was doing. Said the G.S. over his shoulder, "I am developing a universal solvent." After a pause the V.I. said, "And what would that be?" "A universal solvent would dissolve anything," replied the G.S. The village idiot thought this over for a few minutes. Then he asked politely, "What are you going to keep it in?"

GORDON L. WALLS

University of California
Berkeley, Calif.

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This One



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SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

U.S. gets look at room where Sherlock Holmes lived

Last year Great Britain spent \$32 million to stage a Festival of Britain that included a 27-acre carnival of culture, 300-foot Skylon and enormous "Dome of Discovery" (LIFE, Aug. 20). But to thousands of Festival-goers the most heart-warming and ingenious display of the entire spectacle was the modest contribution of the St. Marylebone Borough Council: the reproduction of a certain Victorian sitting room presumed to have existed at 221b Baker Street, London. For that was the address of Sherlock Holmes, not only the greatest fictional detective ever to live in the kindled imaginations of a devout following, but a personality so permanently imprinted on the popular mind that for half a century people in trouble all over the world have written him for advice at that address, confident he was alive and would reply.

This week the Holmesian exhibit, for which period furnishings and many unusual items described in the stories were painstakingly gathered, was set up for showing in New York's

Plaza Art Galleries, on the first leg of what is to be an international tour. Once more an appreciative public could peer into the lodgings that Holmes and his trusted comrade, Dr. John H. Watson, first took early in the 1880s, and where presently they arrested Jefferson Hope, the American avenger (*A Study in Scarlet*); unmasked James Ryder, the unscrupulous hotelman (*The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle*); and received the dislocating news about the fate of John Douglas (*The Valley of Fear*).

While details of the U.S. show differ slightly from the London one, the American public will see such curiosa as a bottle of genuine Baker Street fog and the skin of a giant rat of Sumatra, "a tale for which the world is not yet prepared" (so Conan Doyle never wrote it). Telling as these are to the knowing Holmesian, they are overshadowed by the look of the room itself, which powerfully suggests that it was quitted only moments before by the two partners, launched on yet another dark adventure by "Come, Watson, come! The game is afoot."



THE ROOM'S FURNISHINGS, seen in picture at left, are itemized numerically above: 1—The bust with which Holmes drew the fire of Colonel Sebastian Moran, "the second most dangerous man in London" (*The Adventure of the Empty House*). 2—Holmes's "low-powered microscope" (*The Adventure of Shoscombe Old Place*). 3—Bookshelf containing among other things Clark Russell's "fine sea stories" of which Watson was so fond. 4—Portrait of Irene Adler, who was always "the woman" (*A Scandal in Bohemia*). 5—Holmes's dark lantern (*The Red-Headed League*). 6—The desk and chair Conan Doyle used in writing the Holmes stories. 7—Tray with tea, half-eaten toast and boardinghouse

china typical of the period. 8—Watson's chair. 9—Holmes's velvet-lined chair. 10—The "acid-stained, deal-topped table" in "the chemical corner." 11—The skin of the "swamp-adder" (*The Adventure of the Speckled Band*). 12—Holmes's stick rack, on which is the cane he used to lash the Speckled Band. 13—Watson's Afghanistan trophies. 14—Code employed by Abe Slaney in *The Adventure of the Dancing Men*. 15—The box containing Holmes's relics from *The Musgrave Ritual*. 16—Holmes's "unanswered correspondence transfixes by a jack-knife into the very centre of his wooden mantelpiece." 17—His tobacco, kept in the toe of a Persian slipper. 18—The coal scuttle that held his cigars.

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THE EXPERTS who did the exhaustive research, headed by C. T. Thorne, a St. Marylebone Borough librarian (*foreground*), were (left to right) Anthony Howlett, who spent a Swiss vacation locating the site at "the Reichenbach Falls" where Holmes nearly perished; Stage Designer Michael Weight, who reconstructed the room; Prof. W. T. Williams, chief scientific adviser; Winifred Paget, daughter of Sidney Paget, famous illustrator of the Holmes tales.



THE HOUSE where Holmes lived in Baker Street has been carefully studied and learnedly debated for years since no house numbered 221B really exists. From internal evidence in the stories, many think it was 111 (*above*), which was bombed out in the war. Holmes's windows would be the two second floor ones at right. Similar care went into obtaining genuine Baker Street dust for the exhibit room and accompanying sound effects of a hansom cab's clomp-clomp.

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LIFE'S COVER

On this week's cover Movie Actress Arlene Dahl is shown in a sheer, Dahl-designed peignoir to celebrate her new role as a businesswoman. As president of Arlene Dahl Enterprises, she designs boudoir apparel (made for her by the A. N. Saab Co.) and is her own most photogenic saleswoman (pp. 39-41). Late this month moviegoers may view her in a more familiar role as the kidnaped heroine of *Caribbean*, a Technicolor picture. Miss Dahl, who is 25, is currently involved in getting separated from her husband, Lex Barker, who plays Tarzan in the movies.

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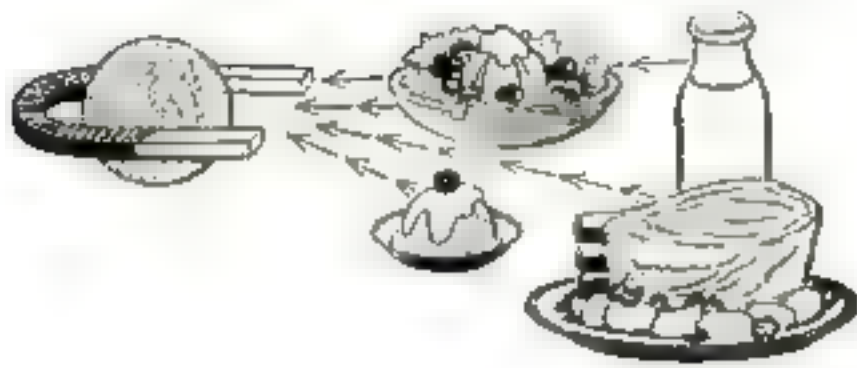
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WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S

Burroughs

Nutritionists say: "Tremendously important for everyone!"

The New Discovery About Oranges



THE PROTOPECTINS in fresh oranges help you get more good from all the foods you eat, by improving your "digestive climate"... but you must eat the fruit to benefit.

Nutritionists are now giving entirely new importance to *eating* your oranges.

For when you *eat* an orange you get not only the vitamin C but the *protopectins*, remarkable substances now being accorded great importance by scientists.

The *protopectins* are found in the meaty solids of the orange—the walls of the segments and juice sacs.

What the protopectins do

In this era of high speed and high pressure, few of us give our digestive systems a fair chance. We may eat well, but our bodies could make far better *use* of the food.

The protopectins help you absorb into your system a greater share of the non-caloric nutrients such as vitamins and minerals. And they do this without leading to weight gain!

The *protopectins* help you avoid many digestive ills and upsets. When the digestive tract becomes overactive and irritated, or when it becomes sluggish, they help it regain normal action. They remove harmful bacteria from your digestive system, and encourage the friendly types.

Result: better nourishment. And when you are better nourished, greater well-being generally follows... *greater work-output, a keener mind, more resistance to infectious disease, and often a better complexion.*



Follow this simple plan

1. Serve each member of your family Sunkist Oranges every day in some favorite way. This gives them their needed vitamin C. But remember that the protopectins are found mostly in the *meaty solids*... so be sure they *peel* and eat at least one orange a day.

2. Set a regular time to eat oranges... with meals, between meals or at bedtime. Include a Sunkist Orange in the lunch box.

Give your family the benefits of the protopectins. Fresh oranges are the practical *non-starchy* source.

Research uncovering new values in natural foods

The *protopectins* are only one example of the new health values being found in natural, fresh foods. Now under special study are the bioflavonoids. These also are found in the meat of fresh oranges. They are known to strengthen the tiniest blood vessels... more evidence of the importance of eating "an orange a day."



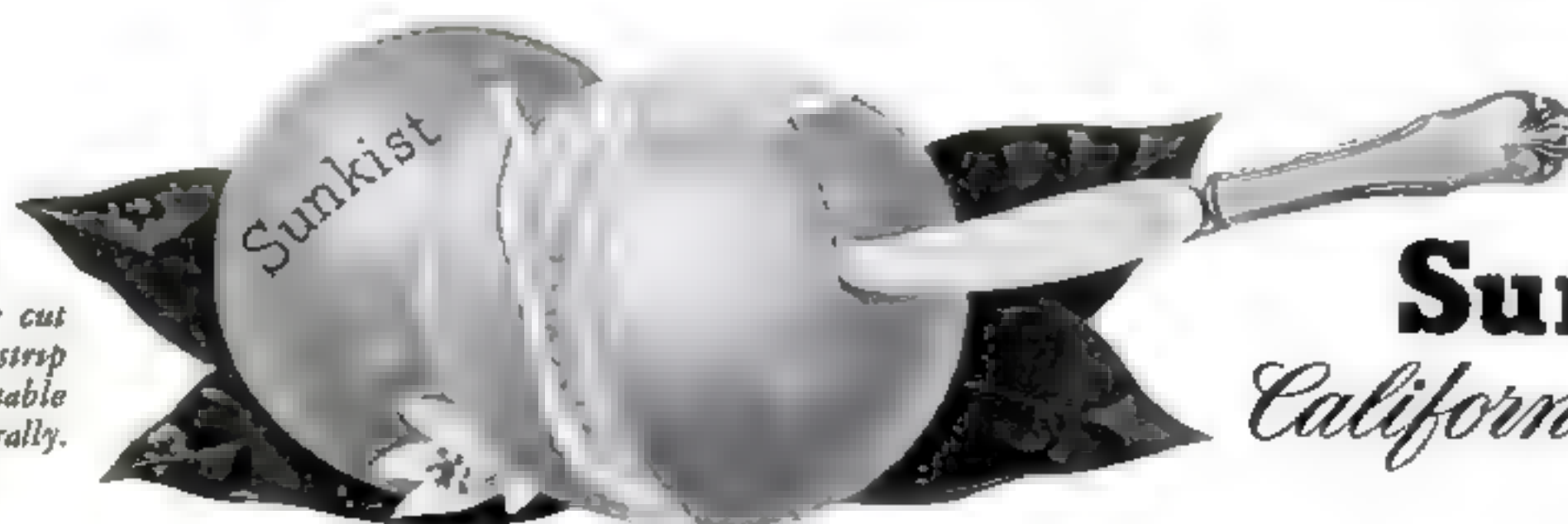
Sunkist Oranges—Best of the Best

Give your family a *maximum amount* of *protopectins* by serving them Sunkist California Oranges. California oranges lead the world in quality; Sunkist are the best of the California crop.

Sunkist brings you all three

Sunkist is the only national brand that brings you all three... fresh oranges, canned orange juice and frozen orange juice... each the finest of its kind.

To peel an orange quickly: cut off top, score skin in sixths and strip off as shown, leaving the valuable white material that clings naturally.



Sunkist
California Oranges



TWO CHICAGO WOMEN TAKE A HOUSEWIFELY PEEK AT THE SHEETS ON BEDS IN ROOM WHICH TAIT WILL OCCUPY DURING THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION

THE REPUBLICAN SHOW GETS ROLLING

In just four days last week 4,218 people had filed by a pair of twin beds in the four-room suite at the Congress Hotel in Chicago. They had peered beneath gray satin spreads at rose-colored linen sheets, speculatively punched the thick mattresses. And then if their curiosity was still unsated, proud attendants were happy to explain that the beds alone had cost \$2,500, that the furnishings in all five rooms were valued at \$41,500 and that in the bathroom water ran from taps of solid gold. They were also told that for the privilege of sleeping there

Senator Robert A. Taft would pay \$115 a day.

This extraordinary prying into the private living arrangements for a politician seemed altogether natural because the political conventions were about to begin. No political contest under the sun generates or crams so much excitement into so few days. And never has one created more excitement than the Republican convention this year.

As Senator Taft prepared to move into his suite this week he pretended to have no doubts about being able to beat General Eisenhower.

He boasted of an impressive total of pledged delegates (603 according to Taft, 484 according to the A.P.). Grim and belligerent at the beginning of his campaign, he had seemed to mellow as his prospects improved. But the one thing that aroused him to the old angry pitch was the charge that if nominated he could not win the election. It was this doubt about Taft's chances that raised questions about his delegate claims and kept Taft working to the last minute to make the most of his major advantage: his control of the convention machinery.



TAFT MAINSTAY at the convention will be his open admirer and steady supporter Walter Hallanan (see right), who will be the temporary chairman.



TAFT LUCK CHARM is Bertha Haur, committee-woman of Illinois who wears elephant hats to conventions, thinks her seventh will bring Taft luck.



TAFT PROPHET, his Southern leader B. Carroll Reece of Tennessee, last week confidently predicted that "this is going to be a one-ballot convention."

HOW A TAFT MAN AIMS TO TAKE

When the fight for control of the convention begins, Taft's initial advantage will be immediately apparent. At a meeting of the convention arrangements committee three weeks ago, the Taft faction dictated the choice of General MacArthur as the keynote speaker and designated Walter Hallanan as temporary chairman. In that office the vehemently pro-Taft Hallanan may have to decide the manner of voting on seating the 75 contested delegates, the key issue being whether temporarily seated Taft men may vote on other contested delegations. How he may use his powers is indicated in this brief close-up by Bill Brunkley of LIFE's Washington staff.

WALTER HALLANAN of West Virginia is the supremely "regular" party man—machine-made, machine-serving. He is the veteran who snorts with loudest contempt at "amateurs" (i.e., those supporting a candidate other than his choice). He is the proud personification of orthodoxy against innovation, of habit against invention.

Big and blustering, Hallanan has a wonderfully simple idea of political virtue, stated in his brisk judgment of the fight over the Texas delegation. Tagging Eisenhower supporters as "Texas Democrats" who threaten to "take over the party and dictate its nominee," Hallanan warns these Trojan horses must be routed or—"there would be no party chastity left."

This unsmiling guardian of the G.O.P.'s purity is a bulldozer of a man 6 feet 1½ inches and 220 pounds, wearing expensive double-breasted suits, monogrammed shirts with large silver cuff links, a tie clasp with an elephant on it. He has a gesture, learned perhaps from 40 years of attending conventions, of flinging out both arms to emphasize a point. His voice is measured, almost drawling, in conversation; but from a podium it booms.

A millionaire oilman (president or director of seven oil, gas and pipeline companies) who has not taken a vacation in 20 years, Hallanan has only one hobby: "Some people like to play horses, some polo, some yacht. I like to play politics."

Walter is playing very vigorously in these last pre-convention days. At his suite at the Blackstone in Chicago, or at G.O.P. headquarters, he performs tirelessly as head man of the convention committee on arrangements, seeing an endless parade of politicians and petitioners of all kinds. But the play will become serious business once the convention starts and Walter starts looking for ways to do all he can—or all he dare—to help his man win. As his enemies among fellow Republicans see him, he is "a ruthless, cold-blooded politician who will stop at nothing to achieve his ends."

He uses the chips he has

For men committed to making Walter stop—men like Senators Lodge and Duff—Hallanan has acid scorn. "An amateur," he sneers, "is a fellow who starts threatening everybody." When told that Lodge was coming equipped with a personal megaphone—lest his microphone be cut off by Hallanan—Walter's scorn was so contemptuous that it took him a full minute before he could splutter, "That is so *Harvard!*" And anyhow: "In a fight you use what chips you have. You don't go in a fight to lose." As Hallanan's enemies would para-

phrase that: "Does it matter *how* you win?"

Whatever political felonies his critics may charge to big Walter, none has accused him of amateurism. The highway of Pro-ism and party regularity is clearly signposted to Walter. "In politics you've got to come through the chair. The same as in a lodge, bank or railroad." By that Walter means that no one has the right to sit in the White House unless he made an honest, humble start sitting as chairman at a precinct party caucus.

Hallanan, son of a horse-and-buggy doctor, started humbly and young. At 13 he was a page in the West Virginia legislature. At 15 he graduated from Morris-Harvey College and promptly landed a \$10-a-week cub reporter's job on the Huntington *Herald*. He covered the 1912 Republican National Convention, where William Howard Taft's steamroller flattened Walter's idol, Theodore Roosevelt. Old friends of Walter's in West Virginia recollect that he angrily thought Taft's nomination "a steal," and idealistic Walter was "almost literally sick." As a grown-up pro, however, Hallanan boasts a more sophisticated view: "It was perfectly natural that William Howard Taft should use everything he could to protect the integrity of his administration."

A regular stays regular

Staying "regular," Hallanan never joined the Bull Moose movement. As chairman of the Republican state publicity committee he helped Dr. Henry D. Hatfield sweep into the governor's office. Hatfield fondly remembers the 22-year-old Hallanan as a political boy wonder. "With a legislator, Walter would be good to him, be nice to him, be polite to him. . . . Any favor he could confer, any service he could render, he would do it. He wanted to make everyone happy. . . ."

Hatfield made Walter happy by appointing him to a six-year term as tax commissioner—the job offering the largest patronage in the state. From there Hallanan went into the oil business in 1923. His career in elective politics was spectacularly short: in 1926 he won a seat in the state senate by four votes in a contested election, but was defeated for re-election. Ever since then he has concentrated on the more fascinating role of man behind the candidate, commencing in 1928 with his first term as national committeeman.

As committeeman, Walter built up West Virginia's county Republican machine to where today the first question asked of a Republican county candidate is, "How does Walter feel about you?" But the state has remained incorrigibly Democratic during his trusteeship. This fact has inspired state G.O.P. enemies to christen Walter, "Keeper of the Carcass."

In this year's delegate contest Walter faced the fight of his career. His G.O.P. opponents, observing that "he has never supported a winning candidate from scratch to president," demanded of the electorate, "What will you have—a Hallanan slate in the primary or Republican victory in November? You cannot have both." Hallanan charged back like a gored bull, bellowing, "Nobody is going to drive me out of the political house of my fathers." He was returned at the head of the delegate slate.

Chairing ahead nationally, Walter became the vice chairman of the Republican National

DRIVER'S SEAT

Committee (1940 to 1944). He became known as a man with that priceless political ability to make a candidate think you have been for him all along, though you wait to the last minute to commit yourself. This year, however, he has been confident he has found a sure thing. "Taft," Walter says, "is buck high bull proof."

Having thrice, since 1944, run the show in the G.O.P.'s committee on arrangement, Walter has become one of the party's foremost authorities on the intricacies of convention techniques—preferential seating, parliamentary infighting. These are crucial factors in a fast-moving convention. As an old pro-Taft hand said the other day, "In a convention you just can't jump up and get recognized. You have to send a note to the chairman. The chairman looks at the note and sees who it is. It is perfectly easy and natural for the chairman not to recognize you unless you are for the right man. It can be all over before you know it."

Walter most probably will resort to no such "two-cent tricks" (as he calls them) as cutting off mikes. It will suffice (he hopes) that whenever a chance arises to give Taft succor he will do it. He says solemnly, "Let the chips fall where they may, I will stick to the rules. But—anyone who has worked as hard as I have to advance Republican success is not going to be a party to any movement to throw it away. As presiding officer I shall not be swayed from my course of duty." Walter's definition of "duty" becomes clearer when he castigates the wicked (but undefined) methods by which Eisenhower won Connecticut's delegates—but remains stoically silent on Texas.

Today Walter deplors his support of Dewey in 1944 and 1948, even more sorrowfully laments backing a non-chair man in 1940—Wendell Willkie. The same awful irregularity of course marks Eisenhower.

He admires the general

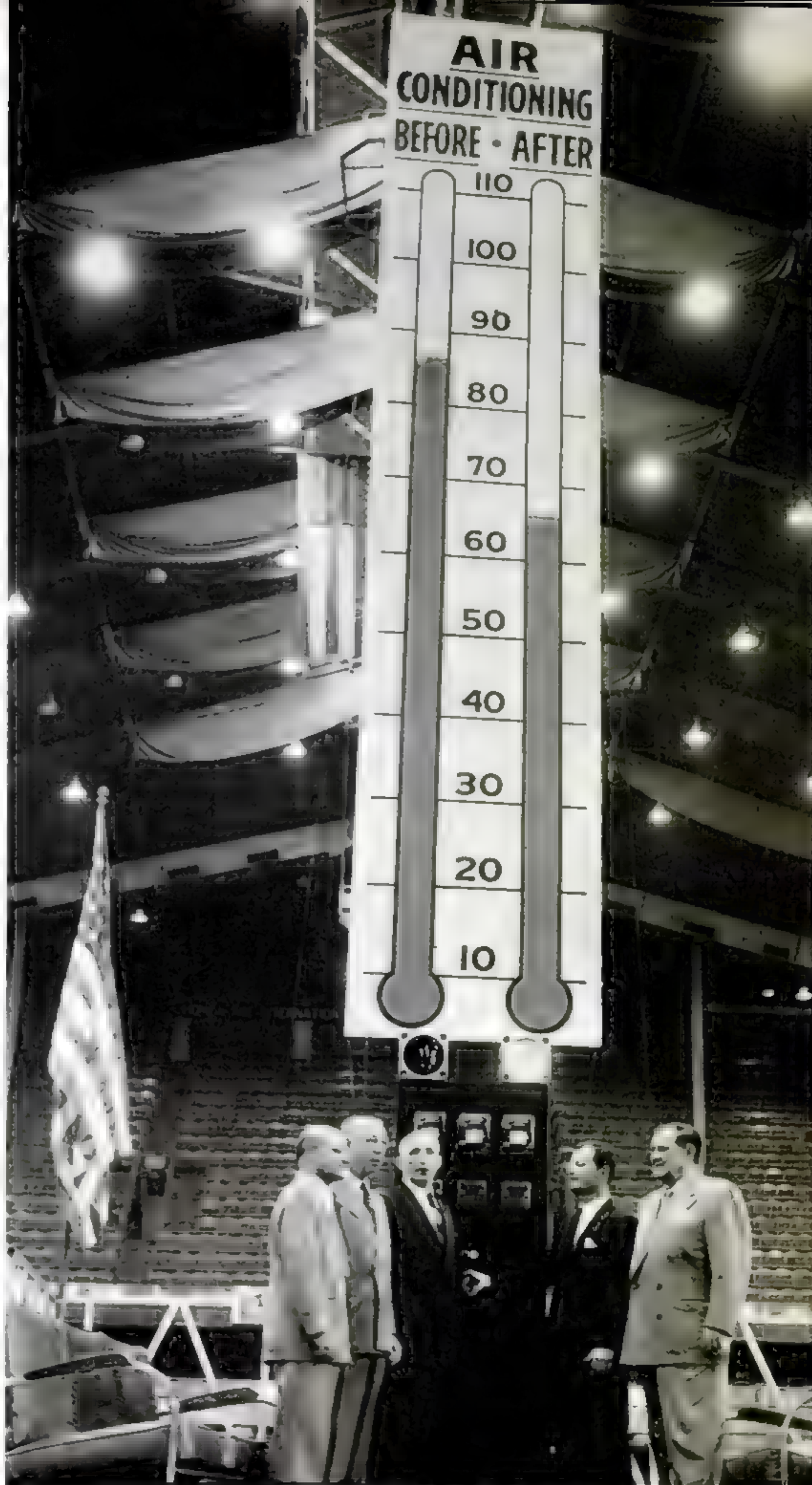
Curiously Walter betrays one inconsistency—for the public figure who commands his utter unbounded admiration is not Bob Taft but Douglas MacArthur. Does Walter think MacArthur could gallop through with a dark-horse nomination? He rubs his chin contemplatively, murmurs, "It could happen—in a national convention anything can happen. That's what makes a political convention a great thing—the most exciting thing in American life! Nothing compares to it!"

But this sentimental deviationism in Walter does not really compromise the pure, practical, professional creed of regularity that Walter fervently propagates:

"Now that the skies are brighter, *they* (the "Texas Democrats") want to move in. All right, we want them to come in. But we *don't* want them to lead the choir in the first meeting. That isn't the way of party regularity.

"Party regularity can't be acquired overnight. You have to prove yourself. Got to come through the chair.

"This year in my state I ran on the slogan 'He kept the faith.' I kept it during the dark ages when the party was out of power. I stuck with the party. So did lots of others. It's *this* party." With this, Walter Hallanan—his voice bellowing determination to keep *his* party unsullied by success—throws wide his arms in a grand, embracing gesture of proprietorship



STARTING MACHINERY of new \$300,000 air conditioner in the hall was undertaken by W. W. Price, president of company owning it (second

from right). Chicago Democratic Boss Jake Arvey (left), Warner S. Froeler, G.O.P. Illinois committee chairman (next to Arvey), Hallanan (right) looked on.

Republicans CONTINUED



IKE IS BOOSTED at Dodgers-Giants night baseball game in New York's Polo Grounds where Citizens for Eisenhower bought blocks of seats, sang songs and flashed "Ike" cards at end of each inning.

PROSPECTS FOR IKE BEGIN LOOKING UP

If Ike was up against formidable opposition within the party, it was also true that he was building formidable support. In New York's Polo Grounds his fans advertised their enthusiasm. On the same night, 1,800 miles farther west at Denver, in the best-delivered speech



IKE ATTACKS the Administration for its corruption and inept foreign policy in speech at Denver's

of his campaign, the general appealed for the support of youth. "Countless Americans want to change political trains," he declared, "and you young people . . . are helping to get that train ready and on the right track."

But the best augury for Ike's chances at



new Coliseum. At the end, audience of 10,000 including Mamie (right) cheered the fighting words.

the convention came from a strategy meeting held in the Brown Palace Hotel. His campaign manager, Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., together with Herbert Brownell, one of Governor Dewey's smartest political aides, flew in to acquaint Ike with "favorable developments."



IKE CONFERS with his strategists at Denver's Brown Palace Hotel. From left: Arthur Vandenberg

Jr., Senator Frank Carlson, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., Ike, Herb Brownell, Ike aide Tom Stephens

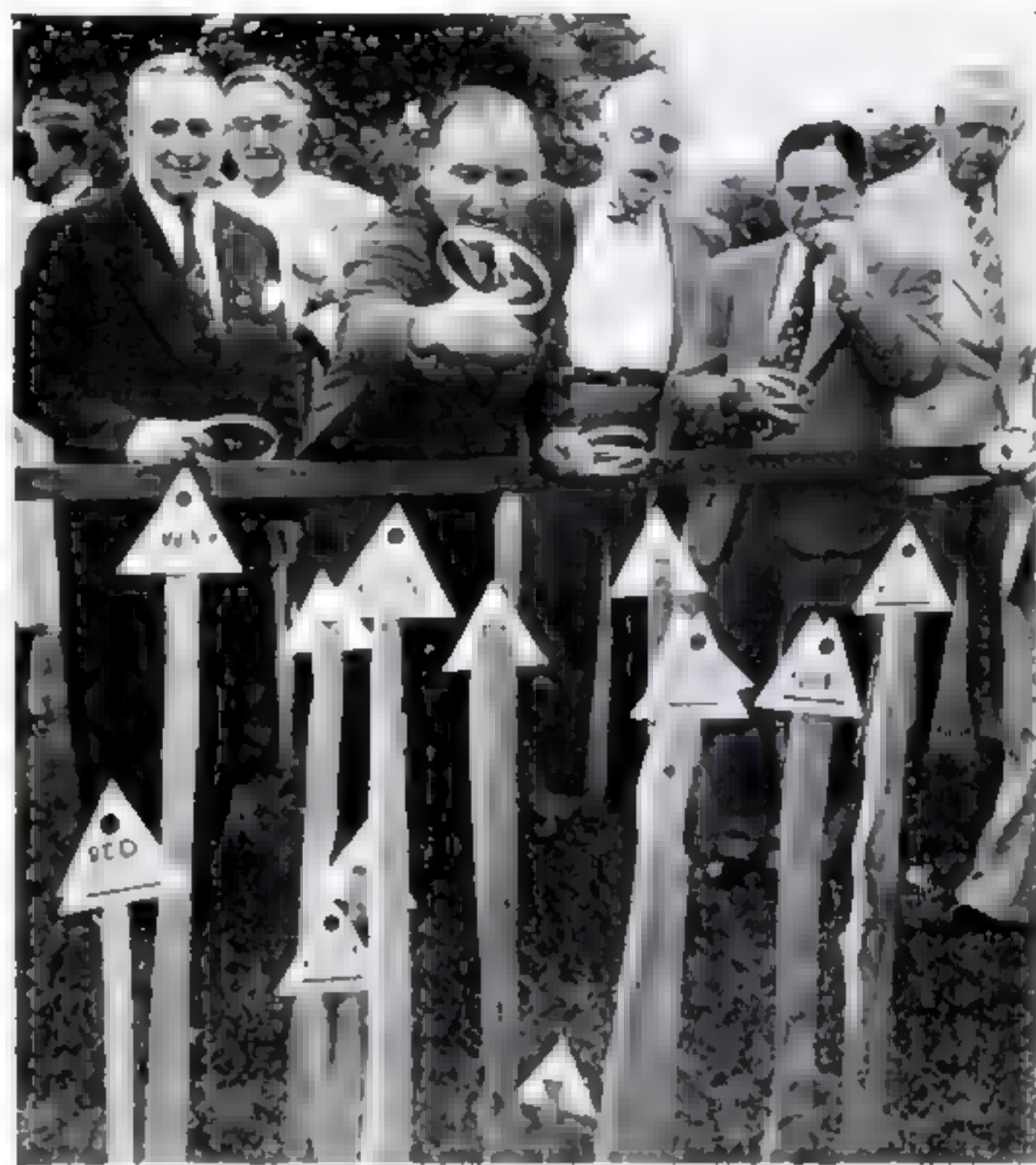
In Pennsylvania a new poll showed that Eisenhower now would have half of the 70-man delegation. In Michigan the Ike men nominated their candidate to the credentials committee which would play a key role in the convention. And for the first time Lodge predicted

that Ike would have 500 votes on the first ballot. "The jig's up for Senator Taft," he said jubilantly. "Eisenhower will win on the second or third ballot." Like all campaign managers he was boasting for effect, but no one could deny that for Ike things were looking up.

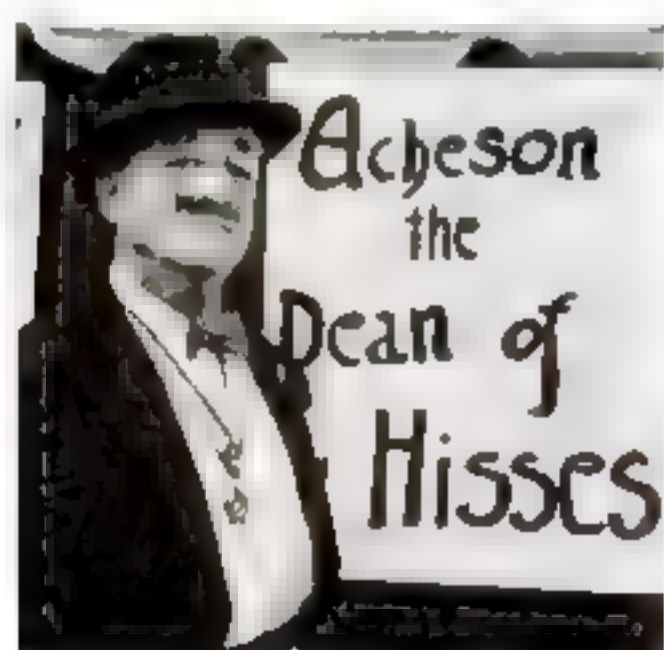


PINNING THE TAIL on the Democratic donkey, Senator Taft relaxed with political games last week at a fund-raising carnival for his campaign. It was given at the Maryland farm of Bazie Miller Tankersley, niece of Chicago *Tribune* publisher, Colonel McCormick. Four thousand paid \$5,000 to poke fun at Democrats.

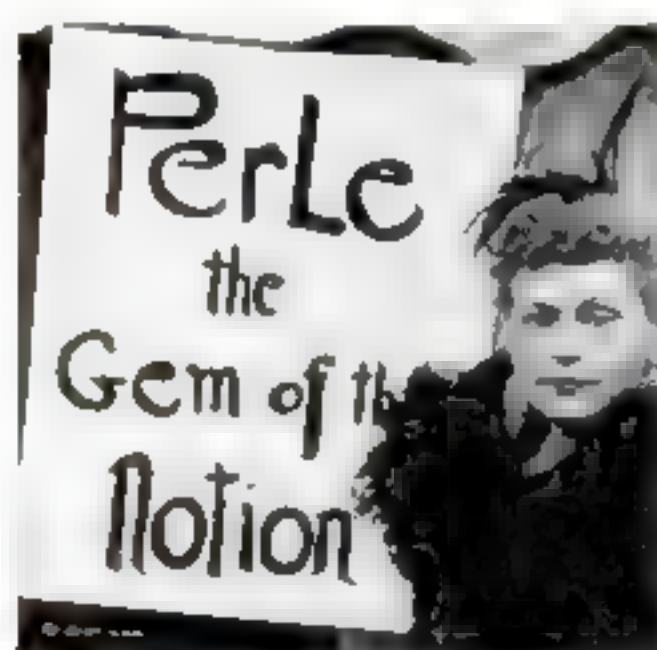
AN ANTI-ADMINISTRATION PARTY IS A GAY LAST TOUCH FOR TAFT



RINGING THE ISSUES, Senator McCarthy circles stakes labeled for campaign issues. He hit "agriculture," "steel strike," missed his favorite, "Communism." Other games had candles labeled China policy, tax waste, inflation, corruption. Customers snuffed out "flames of Fair Deal folly" with a water pistol.



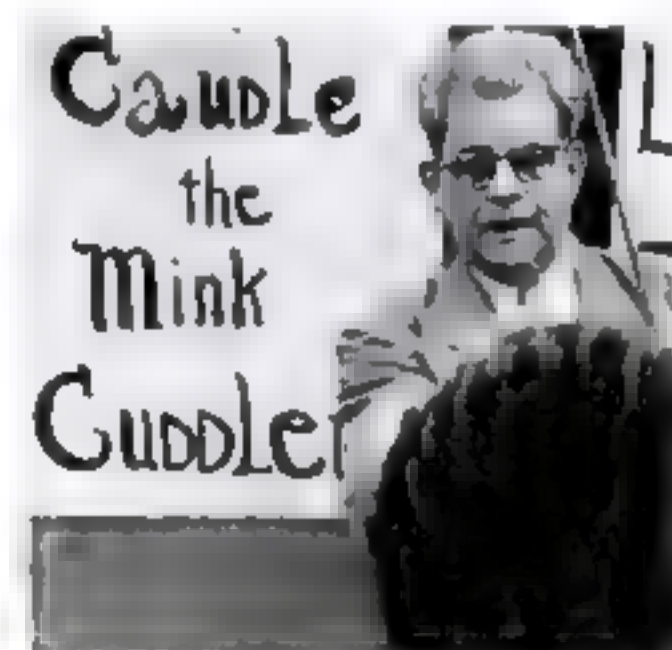
"POLITICAL MONSTROSITIES" of the Democratic party were exhibited. Acheson impersonator,



Colonel J. Robert Smith, told the carnival goers, "I regret I have but one back to turn on Alger Hiss."



At the end all freaks joined in the chorus: "Let's throw these rascals aft, and vote for good Bob Taft."



CARDBOARD CANDIDATE greeted all supporters who wanted to have their pictures taken with the senator. The cost for each picture was 35¢. Love Taft also



gave handshakes but charged nothing. And he refused to sign autographs, explaining it takes three times as long to give an autograph as to shake a hand.





?
LEARN YOUR
? FUTURE
50¢ ?

THE FOURTH, THE WORLD AND THE PRESIDENCY

The Fourth of July is the birthday of Stephen Foster, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Garibaldi, Calvin Coolidge, George M. Cohan, Louis Armstrong, the U.S. Patent Office, West Point, the State of Texas and the Declaration of Independence of the United States. Of these the last-named event not only was the most important, it was one of the most important events in the history of the world.

This was once much more widely acknowledged than it is now. Said the English radical Richard Price in 1785, "Next to the introduction of Christianity among mankind, the American Revolution may prove the most important step in the progressive course of human improvement." The signers of the Declaration of Independence shared a strong sense of the historical uniqueness of what they were doing. To John Adams the whole story of America seemed "a grand scheme and designed in Providence," and the nation he helped found consequently had a mission to be what Jonathan Edwards had called "the glorious renovator of the world." Jefferson agreed: "We are acting for all mankind." So did later thinkers like Emerson: "Our whole history appears like a last effort of the Divine Providence in behalf of the human race."

The same thought sustained Abe Lincoln throughout the Civil War. He thought the Declaration "gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hopes to the world, for all future time." In other countries, too, the Declaration has had a magic all its own. Even in 1952, Jefferson's picture still vies with Lenin's in "backward" young countries like Indonesia, and the Fourth of July is still honored wherever the recollection lingers that its promise of freedom was for everybody on God's green earth.

American or Universal?

Do great ideas have a fixed life span, like men and civilizations? Or are they ageless, obscured occasionally by fashions of thought but subject to rediscovery untarnished and unchanged? The idea that all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with an unalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and that the sole purpose of government is to secure these rights—that is surely one of the grandest ideas in the history of human thought. It has been called a political version of the Christian religion. Like Christianity, it has not been superseded by a bigger or better idea, though it is challenged by the later and meaner ideas of Marx. Like Christianity, it has less to fear from this hostile challenge than from the skepticism of its own friends.

The Declaration of Independence has lost prestige in recent decades for one reason only: even many Americans have ceased to maintain, and perhaps have ceased to believe, its literal and universal truth.

For this there are many explanations. One

of the best is Carl Becker's, that during the 19th Century the human individual became once more "securely imprisoned in the social process." Man took to studying himself, not as an image of God and the vehicle of sacred rights, but as a member of a class, a nation, a cultural pattern, an age- or income-group, a statistic. The mordant spirit of scientific criticism dissolved almost all universal laws into "a multiplicity of incomplete and temporary hypotheses." The Declaration proved vulnerable to this criticism because it is true either of all men or of none.

Through the prose-colored glasses of social "realism" the Declaration came to be read as a strictly American document of great eloquence and historical interest, but nothing more. So read, the rights it proclaims are self-asserted, not God-granted; men gave them to themselves and other men can take them away. Perhaps Americans will choose to keep them and even succeed in doing so. But we now tell ourselves that other nations may be as happy without them, and in any case is it our business to meddle with "cultural patterns" so different from our own?

This is not an easy question, and it gets no easier as our power and influence over other cultures grow. There may be a simple explanation for our soft-pedaling of the Declaration in these years of American leadership: for us to advocate it now entails a new and grave political responsibility for the real consequences, and those are hard to foresee.

We in this land have kept the Declaration politically alive by means of a Constitution. We do not celebrate the Constitution's birthday nor feel any mission to make that indispensable document a universal model for mankind. That was a committee compromise, forged by a few political geniuses for our own situation, and it took them the better part of three years. To apply the Declaration in an equally responsible manner to other peoples and situations would raise a host of practical questions far more complex than our founding fathers faced.

The fact remains, however, that U.S. foreign policy, whether Democratic or Republican, is going to have to take a great deal of responsibility for influencing "alien cultures" and decrepit or tyrannous political systems for many years to come. This stark necessity, known to us all, has set off much misleading clamor about the actual foreign policy issue in this presidential campaign.

The issue is certainly not isolationism. It is rather to find the correct name and remedy for our dismal failures during the past five years. What these years have most conspicuously lacked is purpose, consistency and resolution; that very sense of "an American destination" which General Eisenhower spoke for in his appeal to youth last week.

This sense of purpose must have universal relevance, for the U.S. has thrust upon it the leadership of the entire free world.

But if it is also to be "an American destination," then the Declaration of Independence is bound to be its guide. In selecting our next president, therefore, the best touchstone is not any single plank of foreign policy but rather the sense he conveys of believing that the Declaration of Independence retains its universal truth, and his determination to find its practical applications to the complex world of today.

For example, in Asia the rights of man, however real and however abused, are not so urgent a practical problem as the independence of nations. Asian patriots feel themselves to be in the same colonial status we fought our way out of in 1776. This is the relevance of the Declaration for Asia, and their patriots should know that we are with them in their difficult task of establishing stable self-government.

In free Europe the rights of man are well understood and not much abused, but they are in great jeopardy. Hence Europe's overriding political problem is to establish a union strong enough "to secure these rights" against the Communist threat. That is why the best European statesmen, like Spaak and Schuman and Adenauer, are devoting their lives to the unity of Europe. It is also why Americans who help them in this task serve the American purpose of the Declaration.

In the British Commonwealth the rights of man are older than they are with us. They are menaced, however, not by Communism alone but by the precarious underpinnings of the British economy, which cries aloud, as Churchill did last month, for help in expanding its trade channels "throughout the wider world." The rights of Englishmen everywhere, like those of our other allies, are closely linked with the leadership our next president gives to the long-neglected problem of world trade.

And the 800 million people behind the Iron Curtain—can the Declaration of Independence be applied to them? Woodrow Wilson called it "a whip for tyrants." How can the Declaration be irrelevant to an age with more slaves in it than the world has ever known before?

The Reality of Great Ideas

The recent vacuum of leadership in America seems the greater because of the immense and complex tasks it ought to face. But if this vacuum is filled right, those tasks will not look so terrifying. Leadership is a genius for giving reality to great and simple ideas. We have such an idea in the Declaration, which needs only to be reasserted in the only way it is true—namely, for all mankind. The next president ought to be a man who believes so firmly in the Declaration that he will find practical applications of it everywhere and recognize no fixed or fated limits to its truth.



HOT AND BUGGY

In dozens of overheated U.S. cities last week it was officially 90° or worse. But a thermometer in Manhattan measuring the heat of the sun's rays read 142, which was the way people felt.

In New York seven people died of the heat in one day. In the zoo in Kansas City, Mo., when four flies landed on his limp tongue, this king of beasts was too exhausted to shoo them off.



ON FIRST ATTEMPT TO CROSS NARROWS, PIPE WEIGHING 588 POUNDS PER FOOT IS FED SMOOTHLY INTO WATER BY LAUNCHING MECHANISM (BOTTOM, LEFT).



BROKEN PIPE, result of too much momentum and pressure, is hauled to surface by cranes after first attempt fails. Diver located break after cable snapped.

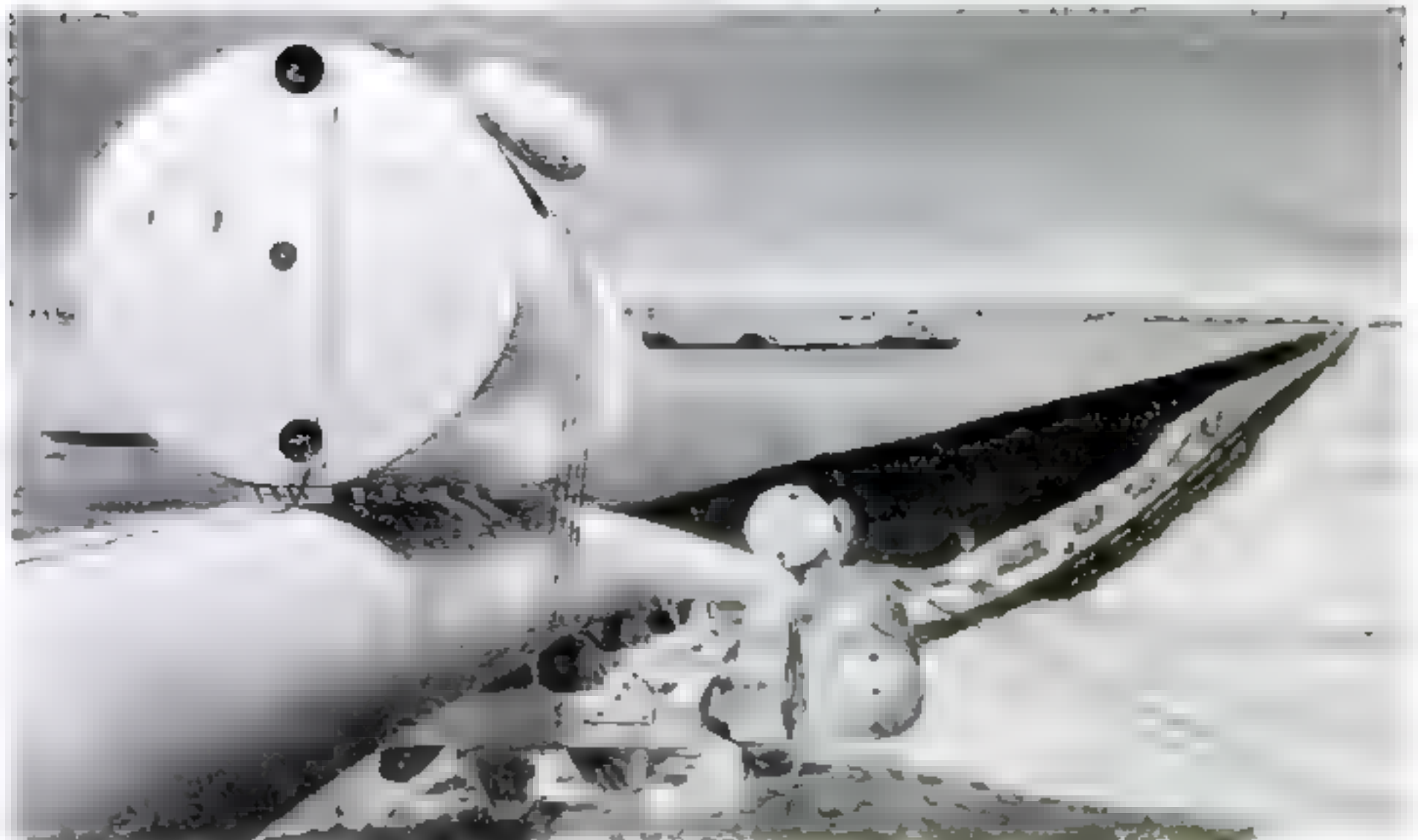


SECOND ATTEMPT begins when pipe with cable attached is lowered to launching cradle.

CABLE STRAIN of dragging pipe across is measured in pit on the Brooklyn side.



A PIPE COMES TO BROOKLYN



HOW PIPE IS LAID in its underwater trench is shown in this LIFE drawing. Pontoons, which were

attached to pipe every 120 feet, were released after line was laid, allowing heavy pipe to settle in trench.

A GAS LINE GETS A \$3 MILLION UNDERWATER DITCH

Last year the Transcontinental Gas Pipeline Corporation, which delivers natural gas by continuous pipe from Texas to New York City, decided to add a branch pipe from New Jersey to Brooklyn. It proved to be one of the toughest and most expensive (\$3 million) construction jobs in the entire 1,840-mile pipeline.

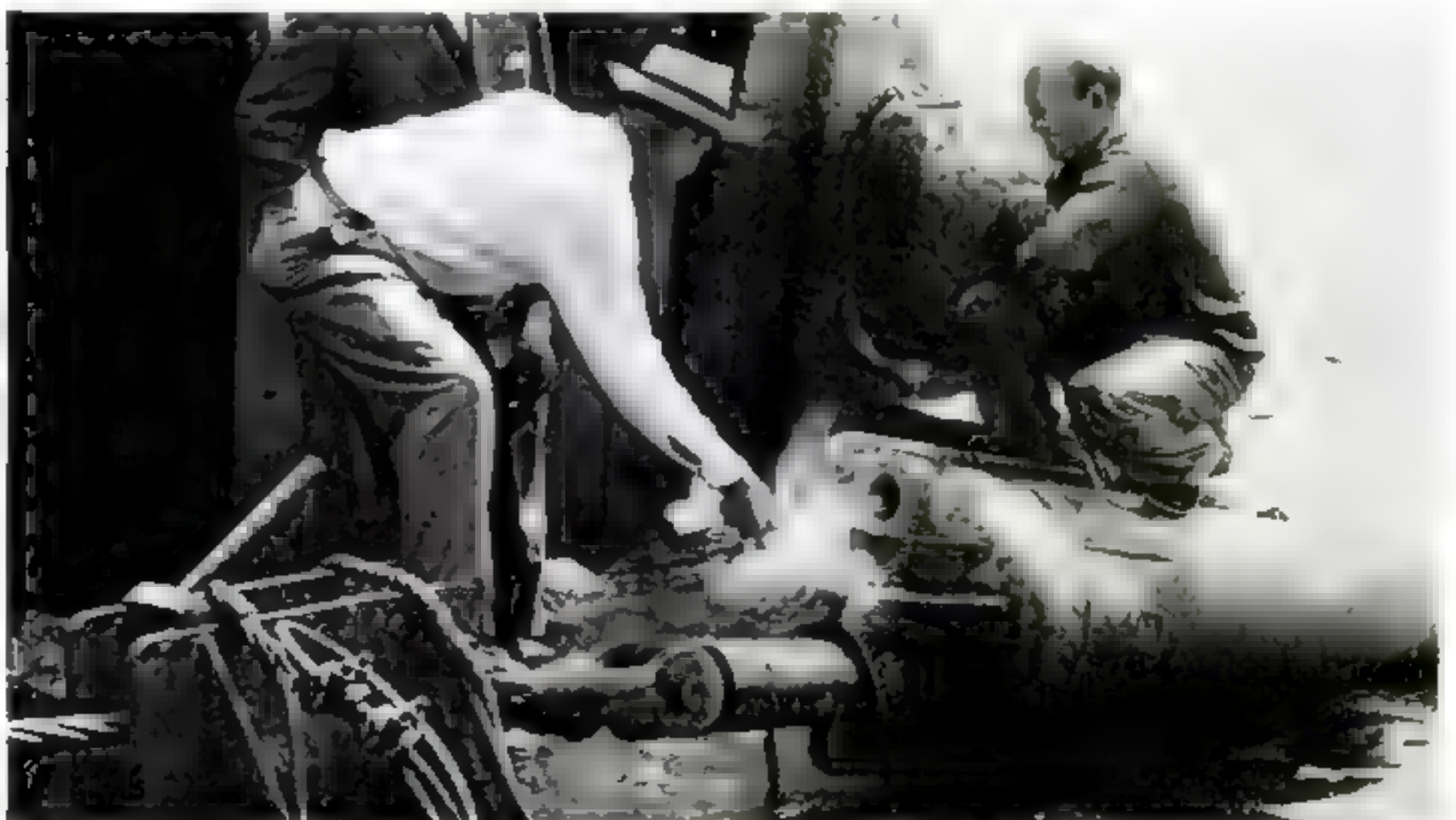
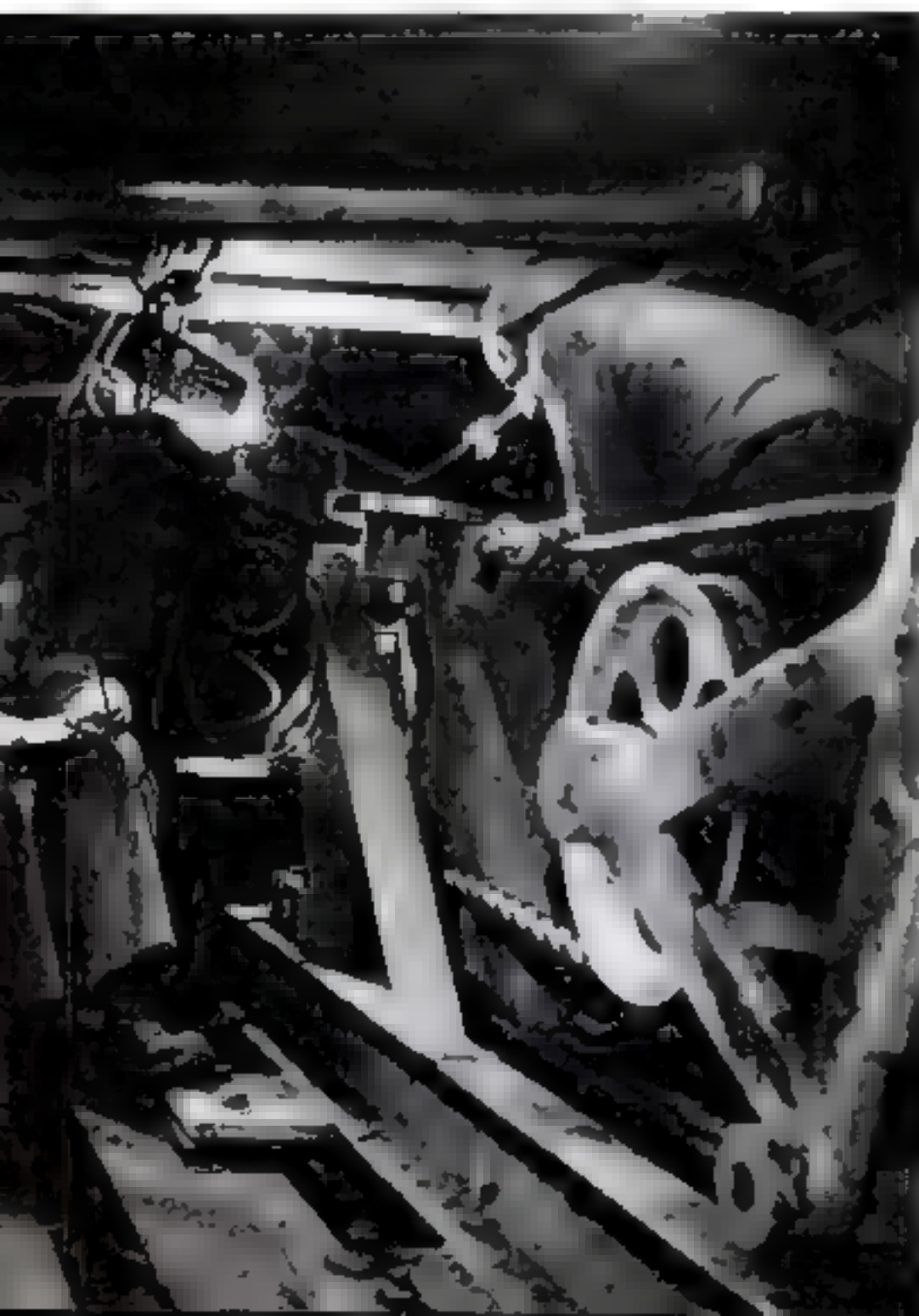
While the line was being carried from Linden, N.J. across Staten Island, a dredging company spent eight months and \$1 million digging a trench 25 feet deep and up to 200 feet wide from Staten Island to Brooklyn—6,514 feet along the bottom under the treacherous waters of The Narrows, entrance to New York Harbor and one of the world's busiest waterways. Then a 38-year-old construction engineer named Sammy Collins undertook to drag the pipe across and sink it in the trench.

Because of the current, the shipping and the distance, the job was ticklish, so Collins and

his men invented a mechanism as intricate as its name—the Hydro-Pneumatic Multi-Differential Self-Stabilizing Pipe Launcher. The pipe, welded into 800-foot lengths and buoyed by steel pontoons, was lined up at Staten Island, and as the launching mechanism fed it into the water, a winch in Brooklyn began to drag the sections across by steel cable. As the bark end of each section reached the launcher, it was welded to the front of the next section.

The launcher worked very well—almost too well in fact. By the time the next to the last section was going in, the pipe apparently had so much momentum that, instead of rising at Brooklyn, it ran into the bottom and broke. All 5,000 feet of pipe had to be hauled back to Staten Island for rechecking and reconditioning. But last month with a stronger cable and with an extra winch serving as a brake on the pipe's momentum, the crossing was completed.

CYLINDRICAL PONTONS GIVE PIPE BUOYANCY



REACHING BROOKLYN, the pipe is greeted by bottle of champagne as relieved pipe-layer Sammy

Collins watches from seat on pipe. Pipe will now be buried in its trench by 15 feet of sand and gravel.



SUFFERERS QUEUE UP ALONG ROAD AT ENTRANCE TO MERRY WIDOW MINE.

ARTHRITICS SEEK CURE

Near the little Montana mining town of Boulder last week a couple of second-rate uranium mines were busily marketing a new and profitable stock in trade. Their commodity: hope. Their customers: sick and suffering people desperately seeking an end to their torment. Hobbiling on crutches or borne on stretchers, victims of arthritis and other chronic diseases came from all over the West, lured by word-of-mouth reports of the miraculous relief to be found in the radioactive air of the deep shafts.

The first of these reports came from the wife of a mining engineer who visited Boulder's Free Enterprise Mine. Upon emerging she discovered that her left arm, long immobilized by bursitis, could move again without pain. "If you had suffered for years with tears in your eyes," she told her friends, "you'd realize that this was a wonderful thing." The word spread. By March of this year 750 people had come to the mine and gone away claiming improvement. Said one, a bus driver whose arthritic hands had become usable again: "I don't know how I'd have made a living much longer if it hadn't been for the mine." It was then that the mine owners decided to suspend mining operations and install a waiting room and elevator for their pathetic pilgrims. It was then, too, that the nearby Merry



CARRIED by mine workers, woman makes uphill trip to Merry Widow Mine, owned by Miracle Mines, Inc.



WHEELED on mine car, a man enters Merry Widow. Friends said, "The climb alone ought to loosen him up."

← WITH STAFF AND CANE ARTHRITIC STRUGGLES UP TO MINE



ADMITTED IN GROUPS OF FIFTY, 300 OR 400 ENTER MINE EACH DAY. NEAR RIOT DEVELOPED HERE WHEN VISITORS THOUGHT THEY WOULD NOT ALL GET IN

IN RADIOACTIVE MINES

Widow Mine began admitting customers on a voluntary donation basis.

While Free Enterprise was being converted, its owners sought an explanation of the mine's alleged curative powers. The experts informed them that the radioactive radon gas which the mine contained could not help anyone. In view of this the mine management avoided claims of any sort. Yet when Free Enterprise reopened on June 23, hundreds of ailing men and women begged for the chance to pay \$100 for four visits underground. The Merry Widow, offering no conveniences but content with a \$2 donation, continued to draw crippled clients who willingly climbed a thousand-foot slope to reach its caverns. "I'd lie down and roll up that hill if it would do me any good," said one arthritic woman.

Among medical officials, who view the Montana "miracle" with scientific detachment, the consensus of gloomy opinion is that "Barnum was right." A local newspaper publisher takes a kinder view. "For these people it certainly is a miracle," he says. "All I know is that I've had chronic sinus for 30 years, and I'll be damned if it has helped me any." But so great is the power of hope that only a handful of the 5,000 who have passed through the mines deny that their visit has done them good.



IN RECEPTION ROOM newly built at Free Enterprise mine, arthritics gather. Woman in wheel chair has made four trips. Feeling little improvement, she said hopefully, "they tell me sometimes it takes three weeks for the help to show."



WATCHED by daughter, a St. Paul woman lies by bags of uranium ore, used to increase radon gas in mine.



LIFTED on a stretcher, a sclerosis victim makes his third trip. Afterwards he said, "My back feels easier."



WAITING, Edna Kirsch, chair-ridden, breathes gas in mine. She predicted she would walk again (right).



WALKING, Edna Kirsch leaves the mine after third visit. Before visit she said she could barely stand up.



DEEP IN MINE patient sufferers sit quietly but reveal in their faces the uncertain hope they feel in the presence of the invisible and mysterious gas which

they think may somehow help them. During one trip a woman grew hysterical and was carried out screaming, "Oh God, I can feel it! Oh God, I can feel it!"

The ideal HOT DISH for cool summer meals!



SOUP FOR LUNCH

Delicious...nourishing...easy!

This is the season for Soup 'n' Salads and Soup 'n' Sandwiches... even the most tempting cool summer meals taste better with one hot dish. And soup *is* that hot dish in millions of American homes.

For the whole family loves soup... it's really nourishing... and ready in 4 minutes (you and your kitchen stay cool). Plenty of variety... there is a Soup by Campbell's for every menu and every taste. And where else can you find a better value?... So start *today* giving your family *balanced* summer meals. Have soup for lunch!



**SOUP, SANDWICH
AND DESSERT**

Ham Salad Sandwiches

**Campbell's
Tomato Soup**

*A perfect purée of red ripe
tomatoes blended with fine table butter!*

Ice-cold Melon



**SOUP AND
SALAD**

Tomato and Cucumber Salad

**Campbell's
Cream of Chicken Soup**

*Tender pieces of chicken in a blend
of heavy cream and golden chicken broth!*

Iced Tea



"My Soup Shelf is a WONDERFUL Help!"

"I try to keep several cans of the family's favorites always on hand. That way, I'm ready for any meal planning. And of course I'm never without Tomato Soup and Cream of Mushroom. I use them so much in my cooking, too!"



*"... they cursed the putts that didn't drop ...
they fumed about their slices
... then they said they'd
annihilate us next Saturday."*

Schlitz is the non-speaking member of the group when men are talking man-talk.

When asked what makes Schlitz so satisfying, our answer is—

Our people have an extra-sensitive feel—a "Gold Thumb," you might call it—for putting together the sensitive ingredients of beer. That's the reason for the bright, clean taste of Schlitz and its stand-up character with just the kiss of the hops.

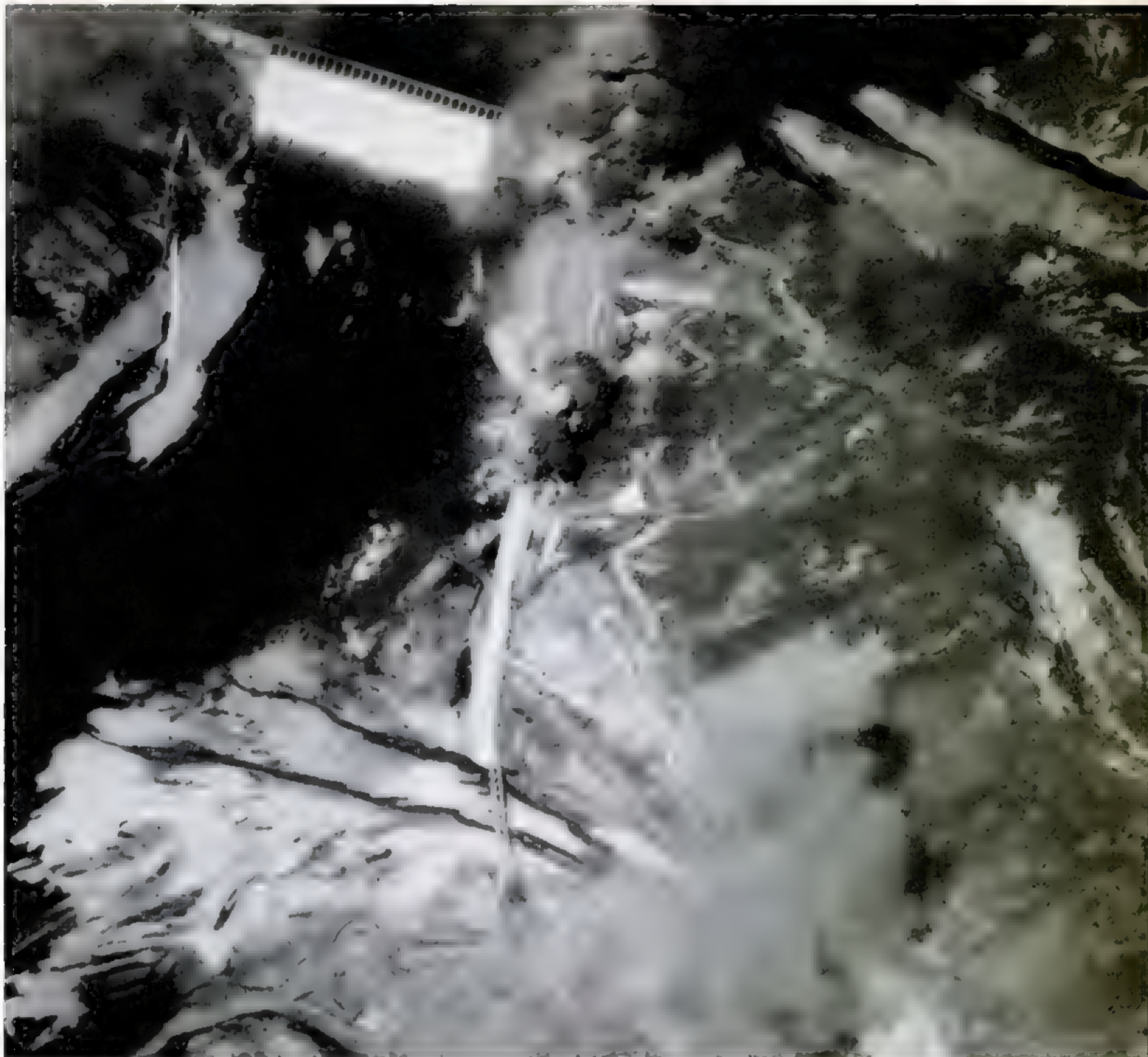
That's the reason more people prefer (and buy) Schlitz than any other beer.

If you
like beer...you'll love Schlitz



© 1962
Joa. Schlitz Brewing Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.

The beer that made Milwaukee famous



SMOKE OF U.S. BOMBS BLOTS OUT SHATTERED POWER PLANT AT SUIHO. DAM ITSELF AND THE FAR MANCHURIAN SHORE WERE CAREFULLY LEFT UNTOUCHED

THE BOMBS HEARD ROUND THE WORLD

Last week, after two years of war, the hydro-electric system, which powers not only North Korea but Chinese war industry in Manchuria as well, lost its immunity from attack. As part of a wide attack U.S. planes streaked along the Yalu river and at Suho, 1,000 yards across the river from the inviolate soil of Manchuria, turned the fourth largest power plant in the world into smoking ruins.

The Yalu installations were at first unmolested lest Communist China find an excuse to enter the war, and later spared lest the armistice talks at Panmunjom be upset. The attack

proved a diplomatic blockbuster. In Britain, Labor members of Parliament cried that American impetuosity could spread the war to the Asiatic mainland or even precipitate World War III. The Churchill government admitted that Britain had not been told of the bombing in advance, and U.S. Secretary of State Dean Acheson, who was in London, embarrassedly agreed that Britain should have been informed. But he firmly upheld the military soundness of the bombings. In India, Nehru said he "was aghast that it was done at this moment." In Paris, French Marshal Juin, commander of

NATO's ground forces, was quoted (but later claimed he was misquoted) as saying that U.S. Korean policy in general had "often succeeded in placing the U.N. in a ridiculous posture."

The U.S., which had been given military charge of the war by the U.N. and thus felt it should determine military moves, rejected the idea that an offensive move would block a truce. It decided that 1) the bombings would make no difference since the Communists had long ago decided what they were going to do anyway or 2) the Reds would be impressed, as they had been before, by a willingness to use force.

Jane Russell SLEEPS COOL

with a low-cost Fedders
Room Air Conditioner
in her bedroom!



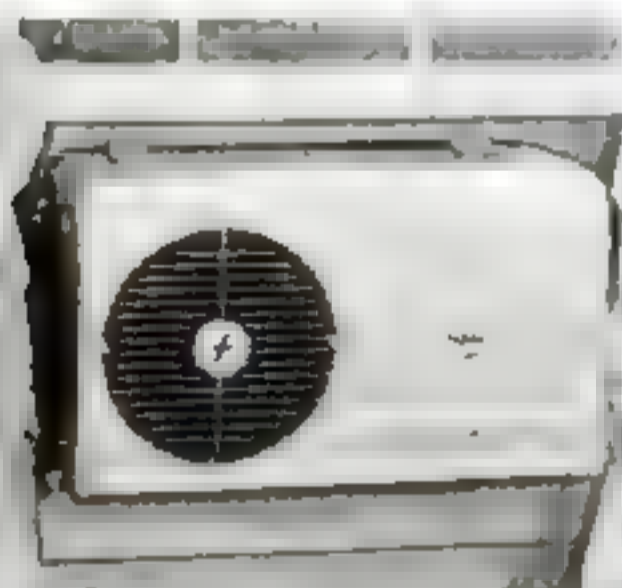
JANE RUSSELL

starring in

"MACAO"

An RKO Radio Production

SLEEP COOL in the hottest weather! This compact, handsome cabinet . . . a real electrically refrigerated system . . . sits on your window sill, plugs in like a radio. Cools and dehumidifies the air, filters out dust and pollen. Helps hay fever sufferers . . . keeps room cleaner. No hunking alterations, no water connections. Exclusive twin evaporators offer more cooling power . . . more comfort for you. Mail coupon today for facts.



New attractive window model in stunning Hawaiian Tan, from \$229.95. Easy terms.



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FEDDERS-QUIGAN CORPORATION,
11 Tonawanda St.
Buffalo 7, New York.

Please send me books checked on how I can sleep, work, live better with a Fedders

- ☐ How to sleep Cool when it's Hot!"
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LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Convict riots break out anew, and Congress makes a law over Truman veto

The lull in the prison mutiny and jailbreak season ended violently. In Kentucky State Prison about 300 inmates surrendered after an eight-hour riot as 128 prison guards and state police prepared to break down their barricades. And Brazil had a savage break that outdid any the U.S. has experienced. About 300 convicts in the Anchieta Island Prison killed 16 guards, broke out and seized boats to reach the mainland. Forty were thrown to the sharks when the overloaded launches threatened to capsize. Scores of others were killed or captured in battles with troops. About 100 survivors, pursued by soldiers and looting homes on the way, headed for the dubious safety of the jungles.

* * *



MEI-LAN, LAST OF HER LINE IN THE U.S.

The U.S. is down to its last giant panda. The next to the last one, Pao-pei, died at 14 in the St. Louis zoo last week after a stroke left her paralyzed. The panda in Chicago's Brookfield Zoo, named Mei-lan, is 14 and healthy, but there is no panda to mate it with. Pandas come from China—or would come from there except that Communist China and the U.S. are not trading.

An informer admits a fake

Owen Lattimore had an apology coming from the government. An unchecked tip that he was planning a trip behind the Iron Curtain (LIFE, June 30) passed from the Central Intelligence Agency to the FBI and the State Department, and caused State to put him on a "watch list" to keep him from making the trip. Last week Harry A. Jarvinen, the "previously reliable" informer, admitted in Seattle that he had made it all up, and was arrested after a federal grand jury indicted him on charges of giving false information.

* * *

In Houston and Harris County, Texas 35,000 children between 1 and 6 became the subjects of a massive experiment in polio research. For 10 days half of them would get injections of gamma globulin, and the other half injections of a gelatin preparation. The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis was spending \$500,000 on the test of the effectiveness of the gamma globulin blood fraction in preventing paralytic polio in humans as it has in animals.

The ageless Satchel Paige spends most of his working time in the St. Louis Browns' bullpen, and the Browns are most anxious that he be comfortable there. Last week they gave him a chaise longue to sit in. In the ninth inning of a game with the Yankees, Satch got out of it with some effort, put three men out and saved the evening, 10-9. It was his 21st relief-pitching appearance and brought his season record to 50 innings pitched, with only 13 earned runs against him.

Immigration bill is vetoed and repassed

President Truman, vetoing the McCarran-Walter immigration bill, assailed it as discriminatory and irreligious. Product of three years of work, the bill codifies the hodgepodge of U.S. immigration statutes, continues the quota system, all but bars Asians and generally leaves the conditions of entry no worse than before but does not improve them. Co-author Senator Pat McCarran assailed the veto as an "un-American act." Both House and Senate sided with him and overrode the veto, and the bill thereupon became law.

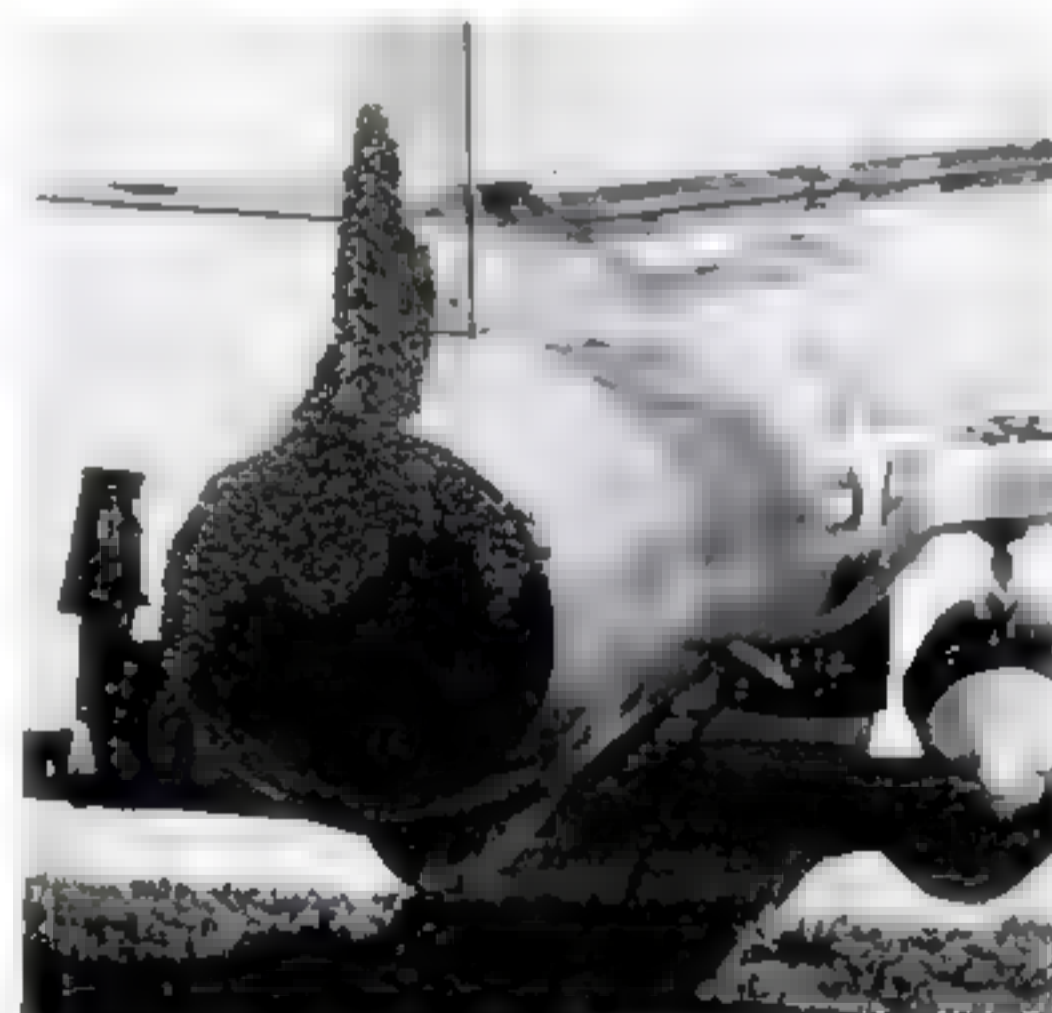
* * *

As an old advocate of trial marriage Bertrand Russell has found his own marriages to be strictly a matter of trial and error. Last week in London, at 80, Lord Russell was divorced for the third time. The philosopher's third wife, who is 42, had charged him with desertion.

Puerto Rico gets its constitution

Congress put the finishing touches on a new constitution that would advance Puerto Rico from the status of a possession to that of a commonwealth. The delighted Puerto Ricans got ready for a Fourth of July-style celebration of their new deal.

* * *



THUNDERJET WITH A MULTIPLE STINGER

A swarm of bees got its landing instructions mixed at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton and wound up on the tail pipe of an F-84 Thunderjet on the flight apron. William Jones, a civilian employe and a bee fancier, boldly stepped up and removed the queen, and the swarm departed after her. There were no casualties.



LA VERE REDFIELD



MRS. MICHAUD

End of the big boudoir burglary

The fabulous case of the \$1.5 million Redfield safe burglary (LIFE, March 17) was closed, if not fully explained, in federal court in Carson City, Nev. Mrs. Jeanne d'Arc Michaud, a good friend of rich La Vere Redfield until Feb. 29, the day of the crime, testified that it was really pulled off with the victim's permission. She had noticed the safe, she testified, one day when unexpected guests arrived at his house and she had to hide in his bedroom closet. Later, feeling tired, she had taken off her shoes and skirt and napped on Redfield's bed. When she woke up it seemed perfectly natural to ask him for the safe and contents. "He tried to kiss me but I said no, I will never be yours any more unless it's a deal. He said, 'Shall we seal it?' " And what, asked the prosecutor, did that mean? "You don't have to seal a deal by writing it on paper with a pencil or pen, you know," Mrs. Michaud yelled. "There are other ways." The truth was, she said, that she and Redfield had quarreled and she wanted to hurt him. "When you have to punish a drunkard, you take his bottle away from him. When you have to punish a miser, you take his pennies away from him." The jury took 90 minutes to find her guilty of interstate transportation of stolen goods. Redfield's troubles were not over: he had been arrested for failing to appear as a witness at an earlier trial, and the government was curious about how he stood on paying taxes on his hoard.

* * *

In the course of a busy week South Korean President Syngman Rhee got an indefinite extension of his present term—his assembly being unwilling to re-elect him for four years. He lifted his news censorship but not his ban on Voice of America rebroadcasts, and he apparently had a narrow escape from assassination. In front of 50,000 people at a Pusan ceremony marking the second anniversary of the Korean war, a gunman aimed an automatic pistol at Rhee's back, but when he pulled the trigger it failed to fire. Skeptics suggested that the attempt was a phony, staged to help Rhee justify continuation of martial law.

The Spinster Speers vs. Michigan

After filing 14 petitions for writs of habeas corpus in 16 years Mary F. Speers, a 72-year-old spinster, finally was released from a Michigan mental hospital. She had been committed in 1936 on the ground she suffered "delusions of grandeur and wealth" when she went to Detroit from Washington to dicker with auto companies on an invention she had patented. What got her locked up in the first place was a "misunderstanding" over a bad check, and court records were vague on what happened to her after that. "It would appear," said Circuit Court Judge Lila M. Neuenfelt, who received Petition No. 14 and released her. "... that she might well have been committed because she invented a rumble seat top." Miss Speers went to Chicago to arrange to sue the state of Michigan for a round \$10



INVENTOR MARY SPEERS

million. "When you spend more than 15 years in those Dante's infernos, often among raving maniacs," she said with reason, "you'll agree that \$10 million is a mere bagatelle."

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



Not a soap,
not an oily cream—
Halo cannot leave
dulling soap film!



Gives fragrant
"soft-water" lather
—needs no
special rinse!

Wonderfully
mild and gentle
—does not dry
or irritate!



Removes
embarrassing
dandruff from both
hair and scalp!



Leaves hair
soft, manageable—
shining with colorful
natural highlights.
Halo glorifies your
hair the very first
time you use it.



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!



SHADED SIGHTSEERS watching re-enactment of robbery are 83-year-old Charles Mousa and wife.

SEYMOUR RELIVES ITS SINFUL YOUTH



BANDIT FRANK RENO

Like any other American town when it gets to be 100 years old, Seymour, Ind. last week dressed up in the outlandish costumes of long ago to re-enact stirring episodes from its past. But while most 100-year-old towns have some difficulty finding an episode any different from the next town's,

Seymour simply capitalizes on its great distinction: it is proud to be known as the site of the world's first train robbery.

The railroads had been chugging across the American countryside for 50 peaceful years before a bunch of boys from Seymour, headed by the four brothers Reno, inaugurated a new American enterprise. On Oct. 6, 1866 three of them stopped a wood-burning train three miles east of town and made the bewildered crew fork over \$45,000 worth of loot. So, for its anniversary, Seymour's 10,000 citizens looked back fondly at the Renos, re-enacted their historic exploit and subsequent fate (right), then settled back for a law-abiding second century.



BANDITS' FATE was to be hanged from a beech tree by vigilantes, after five years of successful banditing. The beech tree, at Hangman's Corner, was

later whittled away by souvenir hunters, so that re-enactment of the last act (above) in the Reno brothers' saga had to be performed on a catalpa tree.



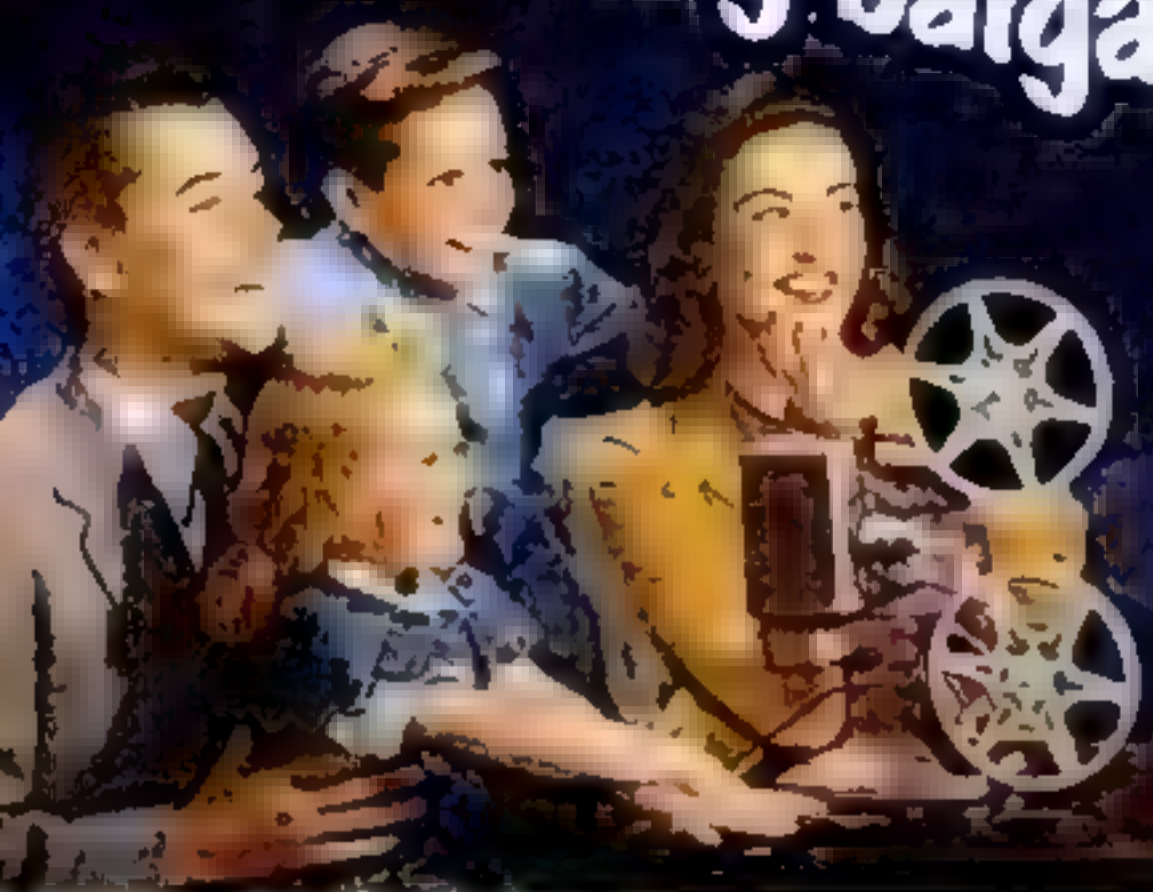
CITIZENS OF SEYMOUR react like hardened movie extras as a check-shirted bandit passes down

aisle of a Civil War epoch train contributed to town for its festivities by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.



HALTER is attached to captured bandit to ensnare him to be hanged without deleterious aftereffects.

Big bargain in vacation happiness



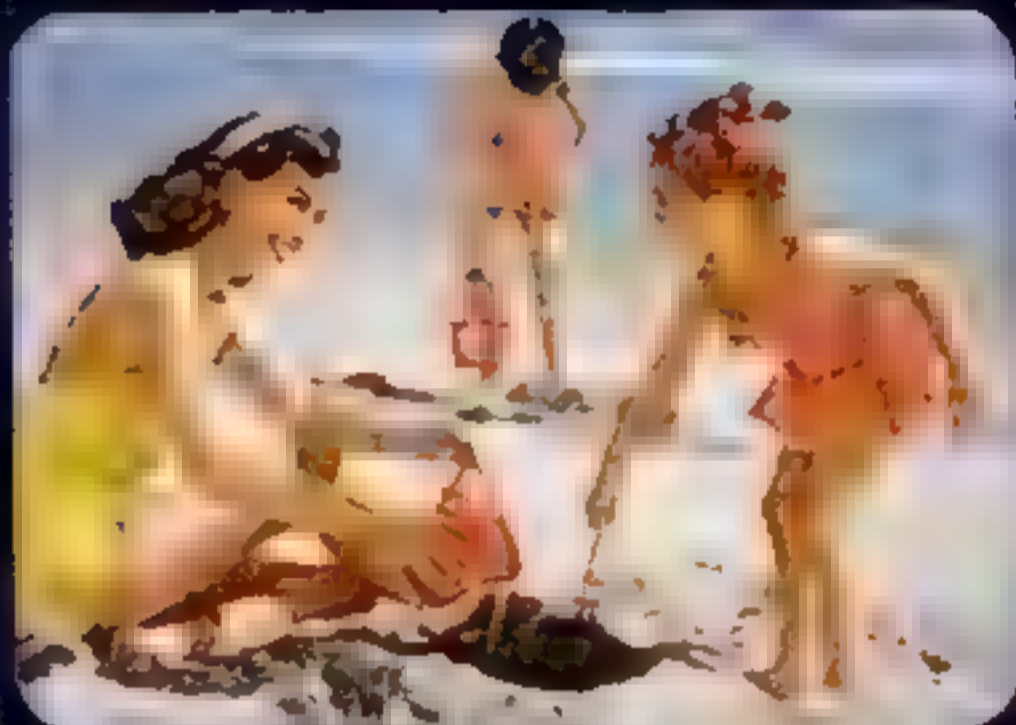
Less than \$1 makes
this gorgeous color movie
—in seven full-length
movie scenes!



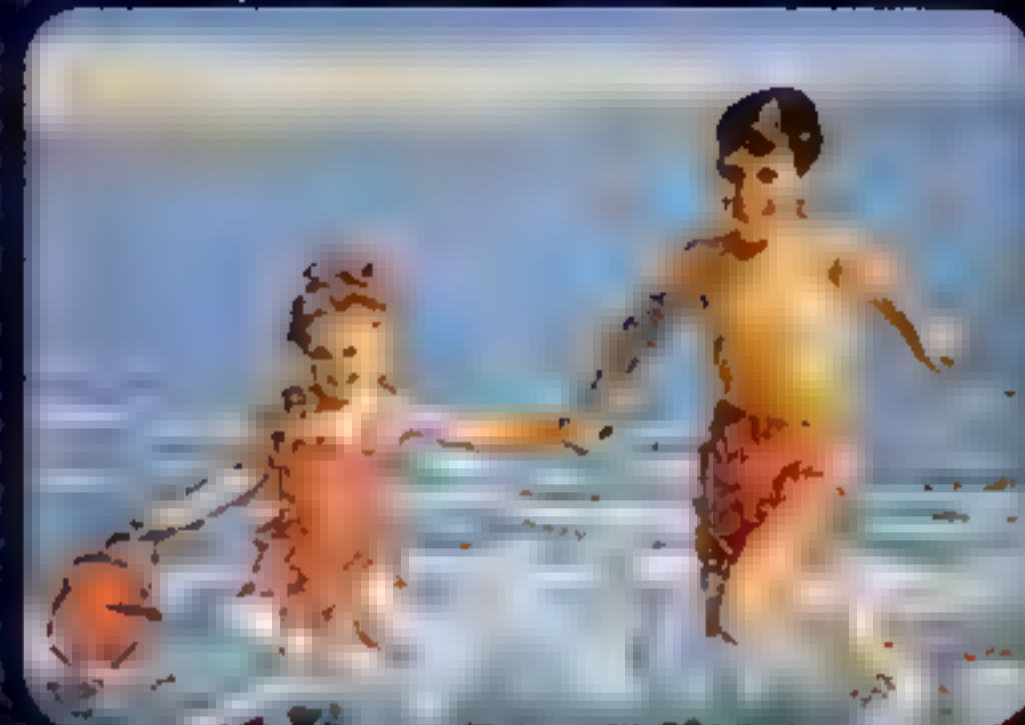
Wonderful day coming up—and yours to enjoy again and again. Movies bring back the very essence of your happy times.



They're never still—but no catching the movie camera unaware. Movies capture their bubbling delight—the fun, the action.



The blue of sky and water—the gay accent of swim suits. Movies faithfully preserve the very color of that happy day.



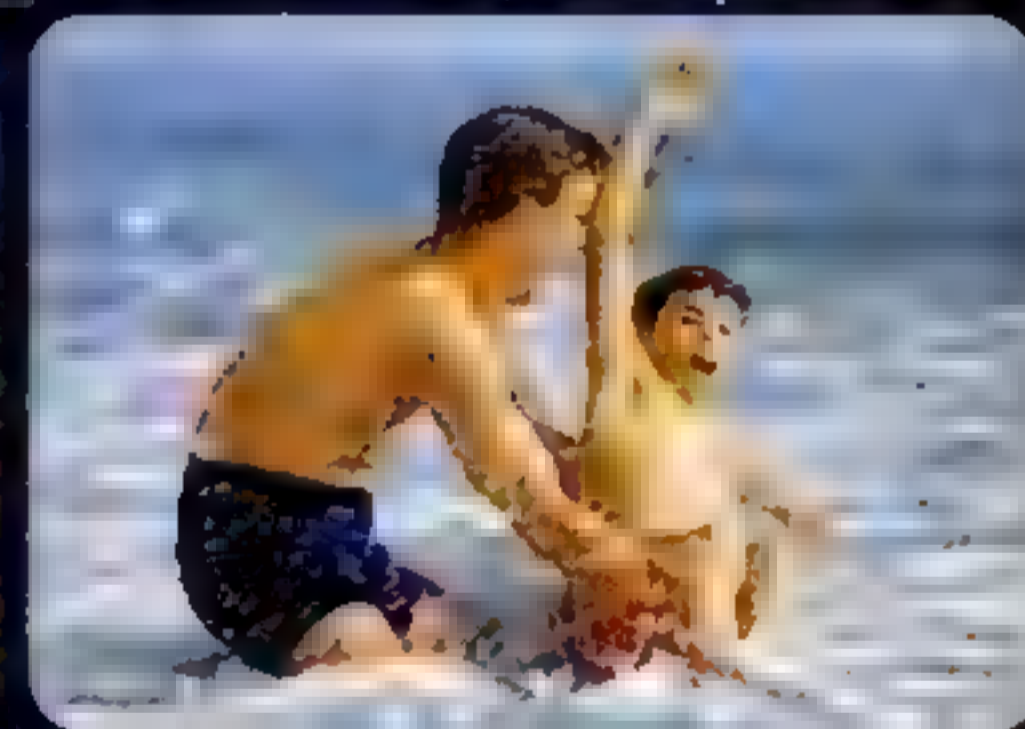
All splash and laughter—they rush out of the screen and into your heart—every gesture and expression so true-to-life.



Trouble ahead—but no trouble in keeping up the movie record. Movies today are just as easy as snapshots.



It's rough and tumble when Dad and his boy get together. But the movie camera "sees" it all... brings it back to joyous life.



No end of fun on such a day... and it lives on in movies so inexpensive a mother-and-a-half families enjoy them regularly.

It's every family's
movie camera... the new

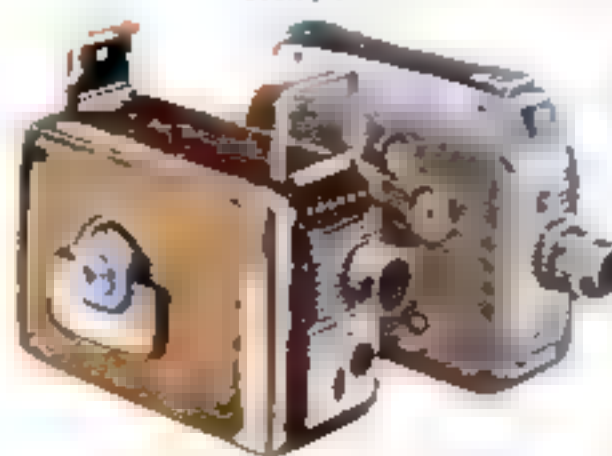
Brownie Movie Camera

for only **\$43³⁰**

Loads and shoots as easily as your faithful "box Brownie." Gets crisp, clear movies with true Brownie ease. Film costs are low, too. You can make the movie you see here... *In seven full-length movie scenes in full color... for under a dollar. A complete roll of 8mm. Kodachrome Film... costing only \$3.95... makes 30 to 40 such scenes. (Only \$2.90 in black-and-white.) No additional finishing charges!*

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Brownie Movie Camera, 8mm. (left) with f/2.7 lens, \$43.30
Cine-Kodak Reliant Camera, 8mm. (right) \$82.30. Prefocused f/2.7 lens; slow-motion movies, too. (Most Kodak dealers offer easy terms.)



Prices include Federal Tax and are subject to change without notice.

Kodak
TRADE MARK



Deliciously yours!

*P.S. Hunt—for the best. See your grocer's ads
and look in his store for the low price!*



SEVEN OF THE F-94C'S ROCKETS HURTLE OUT OF THE JET PLANE'S NOSE THROUGH A SHOWER OF MINUTE RED-HOT METAL PARTICLES TORN FROM ROCKETS

STARFIRE'S FISH

Rockets in night fighter's nose
are aimed, discharged by radar

As they come blazing out of the nose of the F-94C Starfire (*above*), the new jet fighter's rockets seem to wobble, like fish jumping for a fly. But as they gain speed, they straighten out and—most of them—run true toward the target. Just one hit could cripple an enemy bomber. With proximity-fused rockets even a near-miss could be fatal.

The Lockheed Starfire is the first U.S. plane

to carry rockets inside the nose instead of in external mounts which reduce a plane's stability in flight. Although it is big for a fighter (over 20,000 pounds), it does better than 600 mph at 45,000 feet. Designed to operate at night or in bad weather, it carries a pilot and radarman and 1,200 pounds of electronic gear which will automatically track an enemy bomber, then aim and fire the Starfire's 2.75-inch rockets.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



WORK BETTER! . . . You *start* your work-days with a cheerful cup of coffee. Why not get that pleasant lift, several times a day—on the farm, in the factory, in the office, in the home! You'll help your efficiency, get more done . . . feel less tired, have more fun . . . when you take a coffee-break!

give yourself a coffee-break ... and get what coffee gives to you!

FEEL BETTER! . . . When you're having fun — have a cup of coffee! A fragrant cup of full-strength coffee adds zest to everything you do. Every hour seems brighter . . . every chore seems lighter . . . when you take a coffee-break!



THINK BETTER! . . . When you have to use your head — head straight for flavorful coffee! Coffee gently stimulates your mind, helps you keep alert! A *delicious* aid to clear thinking . . . is a coffee-break!



coffee always gives you a break!

DRINK IT OFTEN! . . . Enjoy coffee at mealtimes. Relax over coffee in-between . . . at home, at work, or in your favorite restaurant. In fact, wouldn't *right now* be a swell time . . . for a coffee-break?

Pan-American Coffee Bureau, 120 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.
Brazil • Colombia • Costa Rica • Cuba • Dominican Republic
El Salvador • Guatemala • Honduras • Mexico • Venezuela

THESE SEVENTEEN AMERICANS ARE KOREAN WAR'S JET ACES

Like the F-94C Starfire, a new and deadly addition to the catalog of air weapons, the 17 men on this page are a new and deadly addition to the ranks of air warriors. They are America's jet air aces, each of whom has qualified by shooting down five or more enemy planes in combat—assisting in downing a plane counts a half. These aces, most of whom flew in World War II, have shot down 100 enemy planes in Korea, almost all of them were Russian-built MIGs. Only one of them, the greatest jet ace of all (right), crashed in combat, is missing in action.



TOP JET ACE, Major George A. Davis Jr., was credited with 14 enemy planes. One day he downed four. On 39th mission he crashed, was listed as missing.



JAMES JABARA, major, who was the first jet ace (late June 4, 1951), has shot down six MIG-15s.



RICHARD S. BECKER, captain, "MIG-Wrecker" Becker, in more than 80 missions downed his five.



RALPH D. GIBSON, captain, has flown more than 68 missions—his F-86 has five MIGs to credit.



R. D. CREIGHTON, lt. colonel, flew 65 combat missions in last war. His Korean score: five MIGs.



W. W. MARSHALL, lt. colonel, downed 1½ MIGs and two other planes for a total of 6½ enemy planes.



WILLIAM WHISNER, major, has 5½ MIGs to his credit. In World War II he downed 18½ aircraft.



FRANCIS GABRESKI, colonel, U.S.'s top living ace, downed 33½ planes in the last war, 6½ in Korea.



ROBERT MOORE, captain, flying F-86 Sabrejet, bagged his fifth MIG-15 on his 94th combat mission.



IVEN C. KINCHELOE, captain, with five, downed two MIGs in a row with three bursts of his guns.



ROBERT J. LOVE, captain, a Canadian-born ace who once flew for RCAF, has six MIGs to his credit.



WILLIAM WESCOTT, major, with five MIG-15s, has twice shot down two in single combat mission.



DONALD ADAMS, major, shot down four enemy planes in World War II, is credited with 5½ in Korea.



ROBERT LATSHAW, captain, a bomber navigator in the last war, became an ace on 99th jet mission.



JAMES KASLER, first lieutenant, became an ace when he shot down two MIG-15s in a single day.



HARRISON THYNG, colonel, shot down nine planes in last war, downed five MIGs in Korean war.



JAMES F. LOW, second lieutenant, became a pilot six months ago, an ace after only six weeks in Korea.



"She doesn't have a friend... but she's got Ronrico for you!"



Remember!
In Rum
it's
RONRICO!
BEST RUM BAR NONE

Ronrico Rums 86 and 151 Proof. Ronrico Corporation, San Juan, Puerto Rico. U.S. Rep. Import D. W. McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N.Y.C. Copyright 1952. Reg. T.M.



The best
in
Puerto Rican Rum
is...

Best
because it is
"mountain
distilled"
and 5
years old.
Ask for it
by name!

SEND FOR FREE
RECIPE BOOKLET



(WHITE OR
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THE "COLONIAL" PREVIEW. Vernon Herndon, general manager, and John Madsen, food and beverage director, Palmer House, give official approval to new Rum cocktail, the "Colonial." Executive chef Paul Brunet and

pastry chef Cyrielle du Muyt check buffet table in preparation for the Convention. The Empire Room, with its fine food and drink, its great crystal chandeliers and Napoleonic atmosphere, is parade ground for top celebrities.



ICE SCULPTURES for Palmer House buffet are carved by Cyrielle du Muyt, head pastry chef.

NEW RUM COCKTAIL FOR CONVENTIONS

Chicago's Palmer House to greet Delegates with "COLONIAL" Cocktail, using Puerto Rican Rum

Convention delegates arriving at the Palmer House in Chicago will be greeted with a new cocktail made with an age-old favorite—Rum. Based on an early American recipe, it is appropriately called the "COLONIAL."

The Palmer House, known for gracious hospitality for 77 years, thus continues an early American tradition. Well before 1776, whenever patriots met in convention, men raised a toast to cause and candidate with the Colonies' favorite drink—Rum.

May we suggest you try the "COLONIAL" yourself. Puerto Rican Rum makes a gay and pleasant drink—in cocktails, highballs, straight or on-the-rocks. Try Puerto Rican Rum tonight... Decide Tomorrow.

For a variety of delicious Rum drink and food recipes, ask your dealer or write to Dept. W, Rums of Puerto Rico, 600 5th Avenue, New York 20, New York.

Insist on one of these fine Puerto Rican Rums for your assurance of quality. 86 proof



Rums of Puerto Rico

600 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

HERE'S HOW THE PALMER HOUSE MAKES ITS NEW RUM COCKTAIL, "THE COLONIAL"



NO MATTER WHAT YOUR PARTY, you will enjoy the "COLONIAL" Cocktail made with Puerto Rican Rum.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROGER CORTER

Here it is—debonous, ready and waiting—as made at the Palmer House in Chicago. Ask your barman, or try it at home tonight.



1 A tsp. maple syrup, dash Angostura bitters, 1½ ounces Puerto Rican Rum.



2 Splash of water...cube or two of ice...then stir.



3 Twist of lemon...garnish with fruit...enjoy a delicious drink.

Stirrer by Lou L. Fox, Chicago



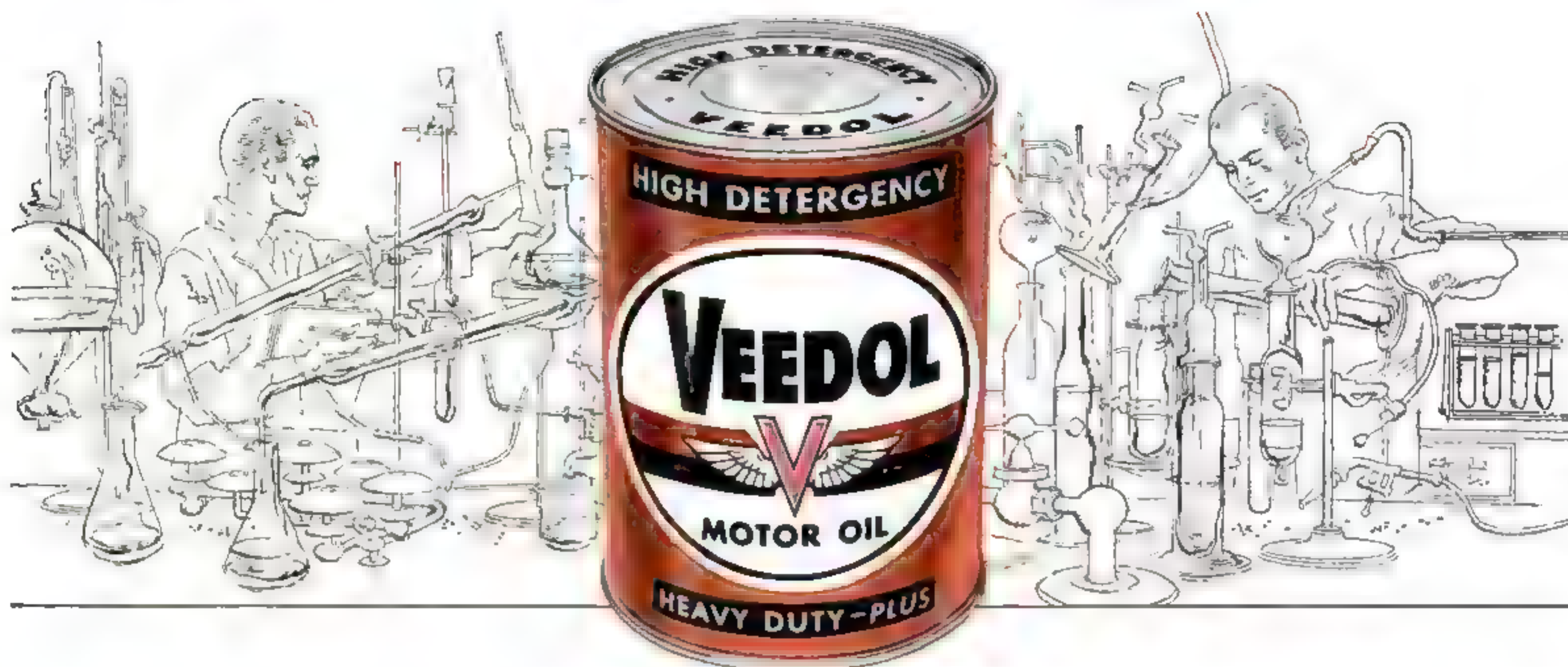
IN FAMOUS OAK ROOM BAR, Henry Mozz, head bar manager of the Palmer House, instructs his lieutenants on exact mixing of the "Colonial" Cocktail. He insists that only Puerto Rican Rum be used in this drink. Interesting Postal motif in bar was inspired by the fact that the first official Post Office in this country was a tavern in

Boston in 1639. In keeping with the Oak Room's early American feeling, the Palmer House features Rum drinks. The Rum preferred by far is Puerto Rican Rum—dry and light-bodied. For more Rum drink and food recipes, ask your dealer or write to Dept. W, Rums of Puerto Rico, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York.

Of all the High-Detergency Motor Oils...New

VEEDOL HIGH-DETERGENCY

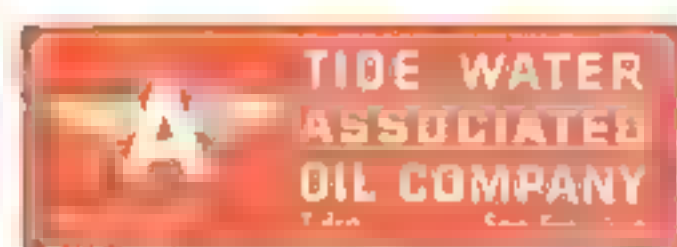
is one oil designed for top performance under ALL conditions!



HERE'S WHY NEW VEEDOL HIGH-DETERGENCY MOTOR OIL IS A SUPERIOR HIGH-DETERGENCY MOTOR OIL UNDER ALL CONDITIONS!

Almost alone in the industry, Tide Water Associated Oil Company, producers of new VEEDOL HIGH-DETERGENCY MOTOR OIL, recognized the relationship between gasoline quality and motor oil performance under actual driving conditions . . . So called "road tests," conducted without measuring this relationship, are inconclusive and many times misleading!

Tide Water Associated, in developing new VEEDOL HIGH-DETERGENCY — after literally thousands of tests — produced a half-dozen excellent, heavy-duty high-detergency motor oils, all of which could be sold as "equalling or exceeding U. S. Military specifications for heavy-duty type motor oil"! Tide Water Associated then relentlessly field-tested these oils to determine which was the *one* high-detergency motor oil *best* under ALL test conditions — new VEEDOL HIGH-DETERGENCY MOTOR OIL!



NEW VEEDOL HIGH-DETERGENCY'S UNPARALLELED FIELD-TESTING BRINGS YOUR MOTOR THESE GREAT NEW IMPROVEMENTS:



New car power! VEEDOL HIGH-DETERGENCY's scientific new ingredients improve oil's strength, give better piston seal!



Keeps engines cleaner! New VEEDOL HIGH-DETERGENCY, judged on a comparative basis, showed far superior engine cleanliness!



Pistons, using various grades of gas, show contamination. New VEEDOL HIGH-DETERGENCY would have kept both clean.



Protects against corrosive by-products! New VEEDOL HIGH-DETERGENCY, when tested, showed 18 times the capacity to neutralize acids!



Guards idle motors from condensation. "Sweat" is made harmless by covering vital parts with clinging anti-corrosive film.



Highly dispersive! VEEDOL HIGH-DETERGENCY suspends contaminants harmlessly until crankcase change. Drains CLEAN!

PUT NEW VEEDOL HIGH-DETERGENCY MOTOR OIL IN YOUR MOTOR FOR TOP PERFORMANCE!

New VEEDOL HIGH-DETERGENCY assures high engine efficiency because it contains all the advantages of 100% Pennsylvania crude, plus the most effective additives that modern science can produce.

If yours is a new car, equipped with hydraulic valve lifters, you'll appreciate the smooth, silent action new VEEDOL HIGH-DETERGENCY provides.

New VEEDOL HIGH-DETERGENCY forms a superior piston seal against blow-by gases, gives utmost protection against "sludge," lacquer and gummy contaminants. Field-tested . . . laboratory researched . . . new VEEDOL HIGH-DETERGENCY has undergone every conceivable scientific test to make it a great motor oil under *all* conditions!

Boudoir Business

Films' Arlene Dahl shows lingerie line she designs

When a New York lingerie maker received a sheaf of design sketches of nightgowns and negligees signed simply A. Dahl, he recognized talent even if he did not recognize the name. By mail he invited the designer to drop in to his office, nearly dropped under his desk when the visitor turned out to be Movie Star Arlene Dahl. This summer the first collection of Dahl designs, all of them sheer, frilly and glamorous, is being released to U.S. stores.

On these pages and on the cover the budding nightgown tycoon displays some of her wares. While still a high school student Miss Dahl won three top prizes in a national fashion scholarship contest. Unable to go on to design school, she became a model, then a movie actress. She now plans two or three collections a year, including some blouses but concentrating on lingerie. "Women who work from the breakfast table to a hot stove at supper," she says, "look their worst at bedtime instead of their best." As her next venture she plans a night cream that will not come off on either pillows or husbands.



BED CAP, here worn by its creator, was designed five years ago to cope with her own problem of how to be glamorous in curlers. It has 17 nylon ruffles, is \$10.



NIGHTGOWN with off shoulder neckline in nylon tricot is \$20, goes under matching peignoir at same price. Daniel Sheelin distributes the Dahl designs.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

TOUSLED BUT WRINKLE-PROOF

While she is creating a new line of boudoir wear, Miss Dahl is also creating a new style of pin-up art: the tempest-tossed school, exemplified by this picture. Here, in Milton Greene's photograph, she assumes a pose reminiscent of another memorable pin-up picture, taken for *LIFE* 10 years ago, which showed another memorable redhead, Miss Rita Hayworth, also kneeling on a bed. But while Rita was well-combed and well-groomed, Arlene is flushed and disheveled—a tousled temptress. Her nylon net peignoir, however, is wrinkle-proof.





Did you ever?

Did you ever see a cake with so much let's-eat-it-right-now appeal? Ever know that your own cake can be just as fine and luscious and even-textured as the one you see here? All you do is get yourself a package of

Pillsbury Cake Mix (White, Chocolate Fudge or Golden Yellow) and add milk. Ever stir up such an easy triumph? Did you ever hear so much we-really-mean-it praise from your family? Did you ever?



Just add milk

Milk is all you add. No eggs, flavoring, or extras of any kind required. These are complete mixes.



Pillsbury brings you the three flavors that America likes best.



*Remember —
You and Ann Pillsbury
can make a great treat.*

Pillsbury CAKE MIXES

WHITE • CHOCOLATE FUDGE • GOLDEN YELLOW

HER COFFIN is blessed as it is lowered into the grave in Kensal Green, watched by her mourners.

WHO WAS CHRISTINE GRANVILLE?



BEFORE THE WAR "Christine Granville" happily sunned herself at her family's home in Poland.



A DRAMATIC DEATH UNCOVERS A MELODRAMATIC LIFE

On a recent Sunday evening a woman who was registered as Christine Granville entered the quiet, respectable Shelbourne Hotel in the borough of Kensington in London. She was a slender, pretty, dark-haired, white-skinned woman of 37, who recently had been working aboard a steamer plying between England and South Africa. Reserved to the point of reticence and evidently less than wealthy, she still held about her like a shawl the patrician air of the born aristocrat.

She came into the hotel about midnight and had started up the stairway to her room when a man called to her. She came back down to talk with him a moment, unnoticed on this quiet night by the few others in the lobby. Presumably it was an accidental meeting, for she had planned to fly to Brussels that night to visit with a friend named Major Andrew

Kennedy, but had postponed her flight a day.

Suddenly the night porter heard Mrs. Granville scream, "Get him off me!" The porter and two other men rushed up and overpowered the man she had been talking to, a club employee named Dennis George Muldowney. But Christine Granville lay bleeding on the floor, a wooden-handled knife plunged in her breast. She died in a few minutes. "I killed her," said Muldowney. "Let's get away from here and get it over quickly."

Next day as preparations for her burial in St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church in Kensal Green (*above*) were made, Scotland Yard began investigating her past. Thus they learned who "Christine Granville" really was (*next page*) and what kind of a life had come to its unpredictable end on the tile floor of a conservative London hotel on a quiet Sunday night.

Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste DESTROYS BAD BREATH

Originating in the Mouth.



Here is the magic power of chlorophyll to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts quickly . . . acts thoroughly . . . and the purifying action lasts for hours! Keeps your breath sweet and fresh longer!

Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll* Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

Now Colgate brings you wonder-working chlorophyll in the finest chlorophyll toothpaste that 146 years of experience can create . . . Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

Now Colgate Makes Chlorophyll Work For You!

Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (water-soluble chlorophyllins) — before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

That's why Colgate's experience and skill in creating an exclusive formula is important to you. In new Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you get the benefits of these water-soluble chlorophyllins in a safe, pleasant form!

For real help against bad breath originating in the mouth . . . common gum disorders . . . tooth decay . . . use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It's the finest chlorophyll toothpaste the world's largest maker of quality dentifrices can produce!

COLGATE'S GUARANTEE:

Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you're not satisfied that it's the most effective, pleasantest chlorophyll toothpaste you've ever tried, send back the tube and Colgate will give you double your money back, plus postage! Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, 105 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.



*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins.

NEW GREEN TOOTHPASTE
Tested and Guaranteed by COLGATE!

Fights Tooth Decay!

Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—especially right after eating—you act against the destructive acids that are a cause of tooth decay . . . actually help retard their formation!



Checks Common Gum Disorders!



Tests show chlorophyll promotes healthy gum tissues. Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll to help you care for sore, tender gums.

Christine Granville **CONTINUED**



HER OLD FRIEND Major Andrew Kennedy (right) rushed forward after the burial to right the cross bearing her name which the wind had blown over.

HER BEST WEAPON WAS NERVE

Christine Granville was born 37 years ago as Countess Krystyna Skarbek, a surname revered in her native Poland for the last thousand years. Polish legend has it that shortly after Henry II ascended the German throne in 1002 A.D. an earlier Skarbek was sent by Poland to dissuade the new king from a war he planned against the Poles. To impress the Polish emissary, Henry showed him chests overflowing with gold and jewels with which, he boasted, he could finance the war. Skarbek took a gold ring from his finger, tossed it into one of Henry's chests and remarked, "Let gold go to gold—we Poles trust in iron!" In due time Henry sent his golden legions against the Polish iron, failed to dent it and was glad enough to make peace.

The pampered daughter of a nobleman who owned an estate near Piotrkow, Krystyna Skarbek had grown up into a slenderly beautiful girl, alive with intelligence and energy. She raced blooded horses,

skied in the Carpathians, won a winter-resort beauty contest. At 22 she married a Polish writer, with whom she was living in Addis Ababa when Poland was attacked again by a German leader: Adolf Hitler. There was no question what a Skarbek should do. Krystyna journeyed to London, offered her services to British Intelligence and was promptly accepted.

She was first assigned to Budapest where, living as a journalist, she repeatedly crossed into Poland to smuggle out Allied officers and pilots. Aiding her was a childhood acquaintance, Andrew Kowerski, now, as Andrew Kennedy, an underground worker for the British. Once she and Kennedy were captured by the Gestapo. Krystyna, with a glibness so convincing that it bordered on hypnotism, talked their way out. In time, presence of



IN 1941 she and Kennedy were happy after escape to Near East.

mind and coolness of speech in the face of death became her most remarkable characteristic. She seemed to thrive on injecting herself into peril and then thinking her way out of it. Once when she was smuggling five Czech pilots into Yugoslavia their car broke down just short of the border and was discovered by a border patrol that threatened to shoot them. Krystyna turned on all her mesmeric powers. The border guards not only let them go but helped push their car to get it started. She conceived and, with Kennedy, helped execute a daring

plan to smuggle out of Poland a sample antitank gun which was superior to anything the Allies had at the time. After the Nazi invasion the gun had been sawed into two pieces and buried for safety on a Polish estate. She and Kennedy crossed into Poland, got it and smuggled it out wrapped in brown paper like the rest of their effects.

When Hitler overran the Balkans in 1941 Krystyna and Kennedy were assigned to the Middle East. For 30 months she worked quietly for the British in Cairo. Then she volunteered once more for active duty.

She was parachuted as "Jacqueline Armand" into the Vercors region, a Maquis redoubt in German-held southern France. Again she continued her game of cold bluff and shrewd outwitting. Learning that three captive Allied officers were to be executed, she walked into the prison camp, warned the sergeant major in charge that she would have him executed as a war criminal if he killed the officers and so frightened him that he freed them all.

After the war victory turned bitter for Christine Granville, which was one of her underground noms de guerre. She had worked six nerve-racking years for British Intelligence, an incredible record considering that most women recruited for such work could not take more than one or two dangerous missions. She had received many decorations. But because of the nature of her work, few knew her record. When she returned to England at war's end, intending to become a citizen of the country for which she had fought, she ran into obstacles—ironically, she could not prove the necessary five years' continuous residence on British soil! As a foreigner she found it difficult to get work.

Too proud to trade on her medals and distinguished service, Christine took hand-to-mouth jobs as a \$14-a-week department store clerk, as a hatcheck girl and finally as a stewardess on an ocean liner. Her family all were dead, her Jewish mother murdered by the Nazis. She and her husband had long since separated. She quit her job as stewardess when she was told she would also have to clean lavatories.

But her boss on the boat, Dennis George Muldowney, followed her to London and pestered her so much that once she had to complain to police about him. She was seemingly rid of him when she planned the trip to Brussels to see her old friend Kennedy. That is how things stood with Krystyna Skarbek, now Christine Granville, on the night she returned from dinner to the stairway of the Hotel Shelbourne and to the end of an incredible and tragic career.



ACCUSED KILLER Muldowney (center) is led off by police.



HER MEDALS were buried with her and included the British Empire Medal (left), the French resistance badge (bottom, left), the George Medal (bottom, center), Croix de guerre (right), Polish religious medallion (top, center).

Happy Homes have Nesbitt's

The whole family will love Nesbitt's be delighted with its thirst-quenching real orange flavor.

Be a fun family.

Keep a supply of Nesbitt's on hand. Ask for Nesbitt's wherever soft drinks are sold. Look for this distinctive carry carton. Take home six bottles of Nesbitt's today.

a soft drink made from *real* oranges

• New way to get fast pain relief!

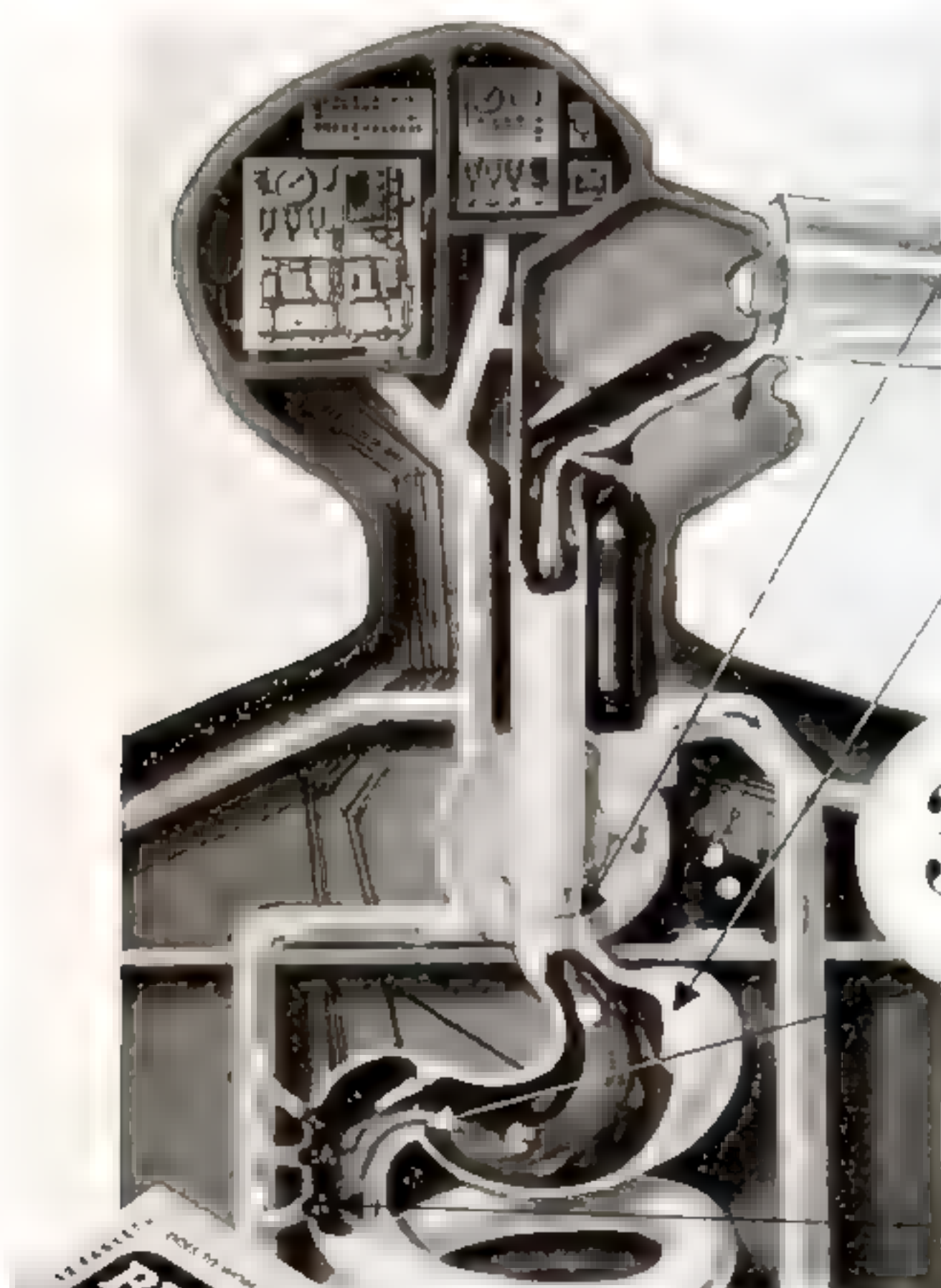


Bufferin

TRADE-MARK

Acts twice as fast as aspirin!

Doesn't upset the stomach!



1 Here's why Bufferin does everything aspirin does and does it faster and better!

2 Before any product can relieve pain, the pain-relieving ingredients must get out of the stomach and into the bloodstream.

3 Bufferin, being antacid, opens trap door of the stomach, gets into the bloodstream twice as fast as aspirin.

4 That's why Bufferin relieves your pain twice as fast as aspirin, doesn't upset the stomach!



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

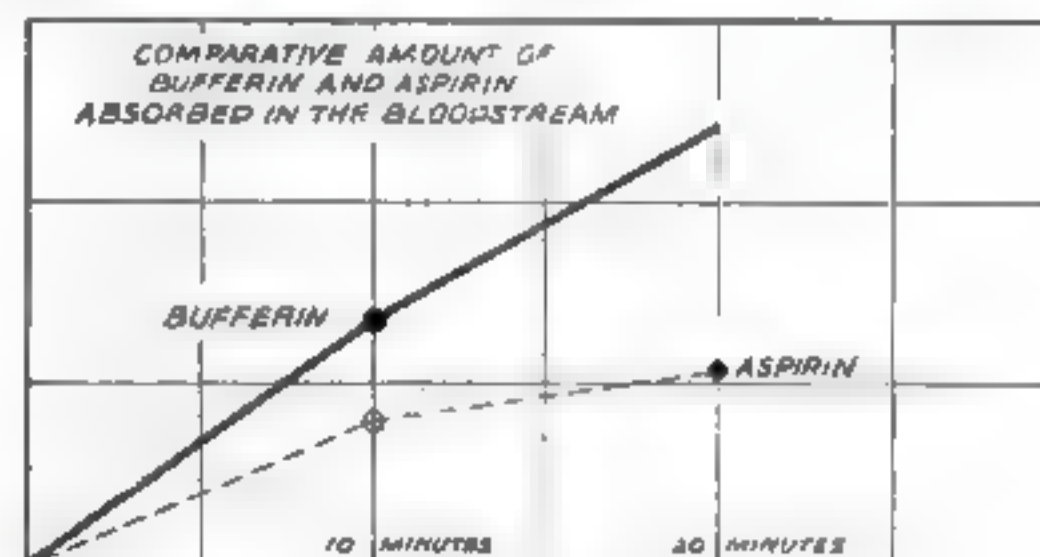
Because Bufferin does not upset the stomach as aspirin often does, many doctors recommend Bufferin for prolonged, as well as occasional, dosage.

Bufferin is scored for easy breaking—particularly for children.



No tablet or powder can give you relief from pain until the pain-relieving ingredient enters the bloodstream. Bufferin, being antacid, opens the stomach valve *speedily*, gets *into the bloodstream twice as fast* as aspirin! Therefore Bufferin acts *twice as fast* to relieve pain.

And Bufferin won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does, because Bufferin is antacid.



TIME OF ABSORPTION

Clinical studies prove that people who took Bufferin had more pain-relieving ingredient *actually in the bloodstream* in ten minutes than those people who took aspirin had in twenty minutes. That's why Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin to relieve pain.



For headaches, neuralgia, and ordinary muscular aches and pains, remember Bufferin for fast pain relief! Ask your physician or dentist about Bufferin. Get Bufferin from your druggist. Carry the 12-tablet, pocket-size package. Keep the economical 36- or 100-tablet package in your medicine chest. Bufferin is also available in Canada.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN

The White House Redecorated

ITS NEW SPLENDOR IS SHOWN IN PORTFOLIO OF COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS

Under the direction of its present occupants the third major renovation of the White House in its 152 years was completed this spring, thus assuring that whatever family moves in next January will enjoy practically brand-new quarters. On these seven pages is a portfolio of photographs, most of them by Arnold Newman, which describe in vivid color what the black-and-white television cameras could only suggest when the President showed off the new décor to the nation on TV in May.

The White House has undergone alterations at the hands of every President. Important changes have included introduction of the first bathtub (tin) in 1814, conversion by paint from a gray into a white house (under James Monroe in 1817), addition of the famous South Portico in 1824, first pipes for water (hitherto supplied from a spring by servants) in 1843, the first gas lighting (1848), elevator (1881) and electricity (1891). In 1902 \$125,000 was

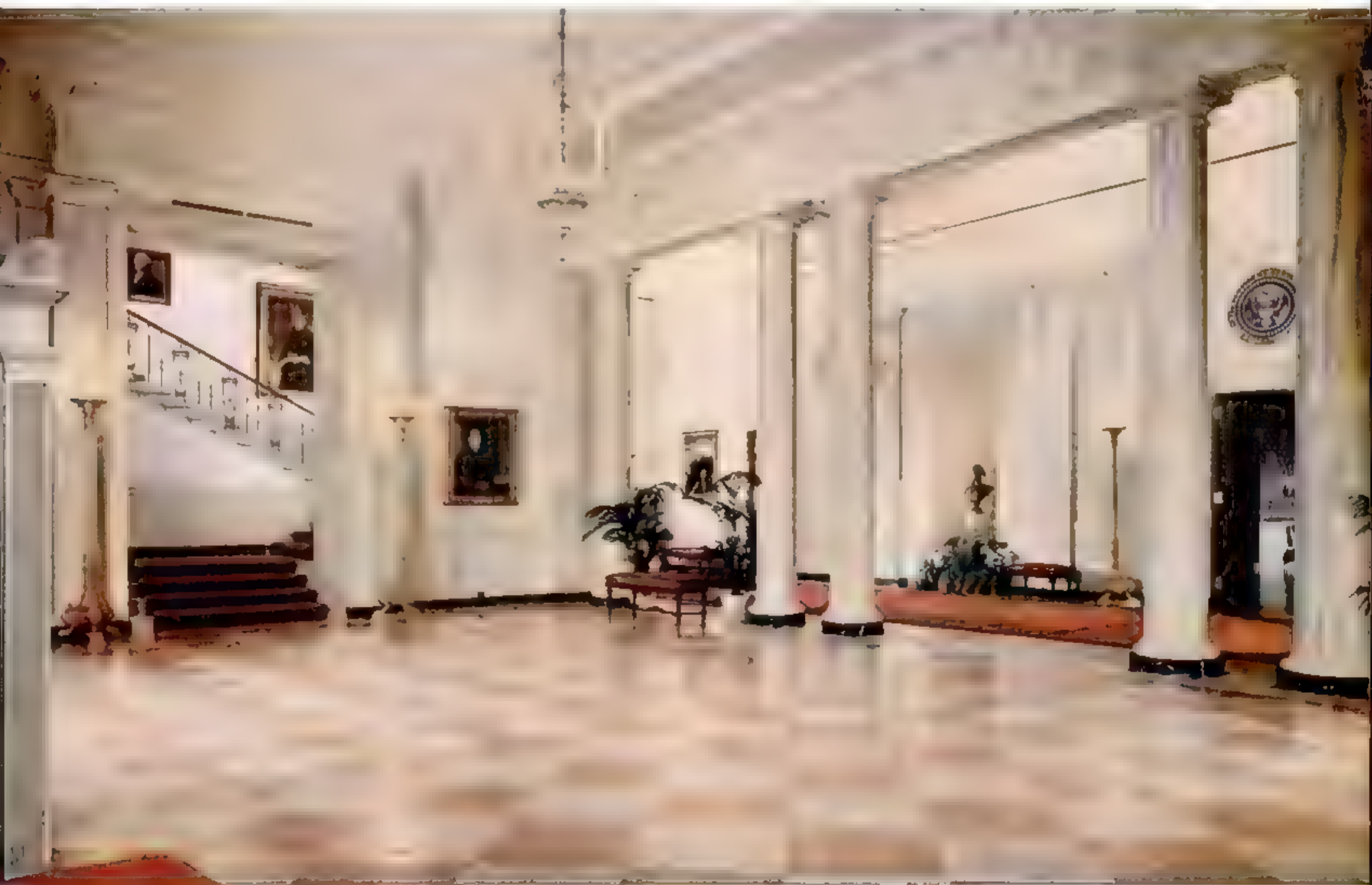


LAWNS, LANDSCAPING ALSO WERE RENOVATED

expended to add the Executive Office Building, new staircases, more rooms.

The current changes have added almost 50% more living space to the one-million-cubic-foot White House. (The average American six-room house runs around 10,000 cubic feet.) Other additions: complete air conditioning, a central vacuum-cleaning system, brightening of previous drabness through use of modern yellows and greens, better room and stair arrangements. Before, the White House had 62 rooms and 20 baths and lavatories. Renovated, it now has 107 rooms and 31 baths and lavatories. Its original 18th Century style of decoration has been restored, anachronistic details eliminated and, more important, the structure itself, which was

literally on the point of falling apart, has been strengthened and a foundation dug two stories into the ground. It should now stand up a long time, especially since part of it is a \$938,000 atomic bomb shelter.



The Entrance Hall

The lobby of the White House's main entrance, used by official guests but not by the public, is 45 by 31 feet, has flooring of Tennessee marble, columns and pilasters of Vermont marble. New grand stairway

and portal through which stairway is visible (left) make possible more dignified entrances from the floor above. The previous stairway, installed in 1902, had no landing and ended in an adjoining corridor.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Lincoln's Bedroom

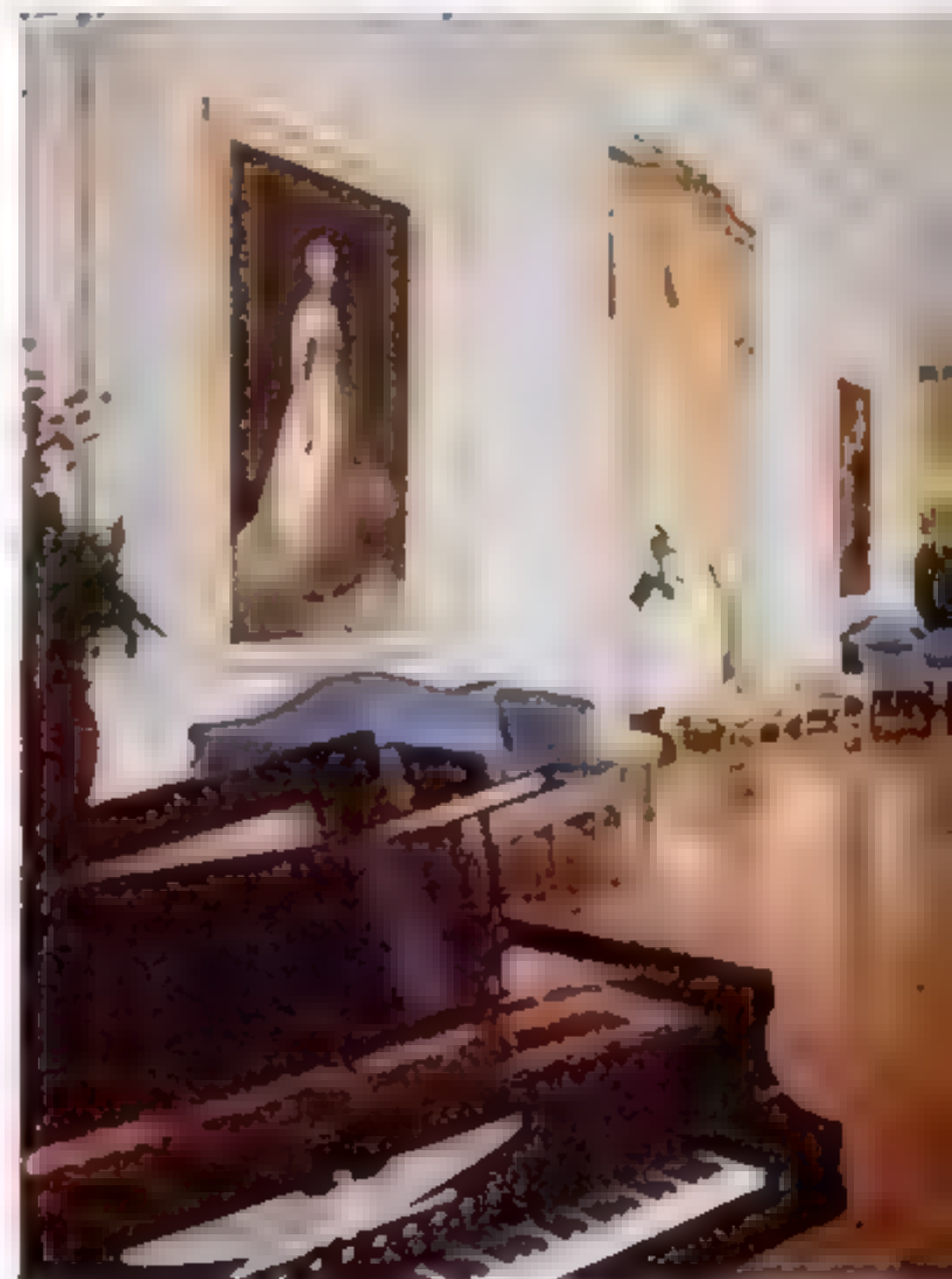
The White House's only room unique in the otherwise Georgian White House has been preserved out of respect for Lincoln. For whose long 6-foot-3 frame the Oval Library was built. Room is now occupied by high-ranking male guests. Its counterpart across the hall, the Rose Room, is for high-ranking female guests.



Diplomatic Reception Room

This oval room, which is on the ground floor directly across from the Blue Room (far right), was a boiler room and coal bin until 1902 reconstruction. Fireplace was installed by Franklin Roosevelt, who broadcast his

fireside chats here. The room was formerly decorated with pictures of Presidents, but Truman substituted portraits of their wives because "I think it looks much better with these good-looking ladies."



East

This great oval room is the grandest reception hall. Barbara was offered the title of first lady of the White House by Mrs. John Adams and the first lady of the United States, Dolley Madison, in 1800. Dolley Madison was the first



President's Study

This is the second floor sanctum where the President works most of the day, early morning and late at night. Visitors who are not on his schedule find their way west wing seldom see this room, the public never. While people call the President's study, the President sometimes leaves his chair to thump a few chords on the piano.

Green Room

This relatively small room (left) is used for receptions, for which a small room in the East Wing is used for entertainment. It was the "Common Room" of John Adams who once hung over the white Carrara marble fireplace, and the "Card Room" of James Monroe, during whose administration the vases on the side table were acquired.



Room

legend, personally saved the Stuart portrait of Washington (left, background). Here occurred weddings of daughters of Grant, T. R. Roosevelt and Wilson. Piano in background is one on which Truman played Mozart on TV.



Blue Room

If the White House were a royal palace, the Blue Room would be its throne room. Here the President and First Lady formally greet distinguished visitors and the guests at state dinners, who enter from the East

Room through the connecting Green Room. It was first decorated in blue by Martin Van Buren and was the scene of the only presidential wedding in all White House history. Grover Cleveland's in 1886.

State Dining Room

"We can seat 102 people in here . . . when we have a state dinner," Truman observed during the telecast. Once the library and Cabinet room for early administrations, this room is now the scene of all formal dinners, of which there are at least five annually, beginning always at 8 p.m. The walls, paneled in oak by famed Architect Stanford White during the 1902 renovation, have now been painted. In August 1864 Lincoln posed for the Healy portrait hanging over mantel.





CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Family Dining Room

This is the room, as the President reminded his TV audience, through whose ceiling a leg of Margaret's piano one day appeared, emphasizing the need for immediate renovation. It is the family dining room

on the second floor, where the public is normally never admitted. Here the Trumans eat together some six times a week. In the rooms on these two pages, red in many shades is the main decorative theme.



Red Room

An architectural counterpart of the Green Room, this was the President's antechamber in Adams' day, and here Rutherford B. Hayes, only man to take the oath of office inside the White House, was sworn in in

1877. "This is where Mrs. Truman holds her informal teas," the President said, and guests assemble for lunch or dinner. Wall coverings are damask. Mantel clock is a present from the president of France.

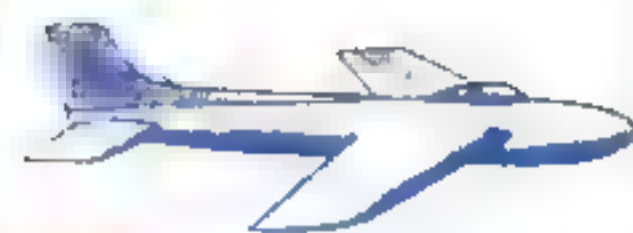


China Room

A circular chaise longue from Lincoln stands in the center of the room, which contains one of the few pieces of the china used by almost every presidential host, from the Washingtons to the Trumans (whose

service room, closed, decorated with green and gold). The paneling was reworked in flooring taken from other White House rooms. The portrait of Mrs. Lincoln is by Howard Chandler Christy.

Almost Like Flying!



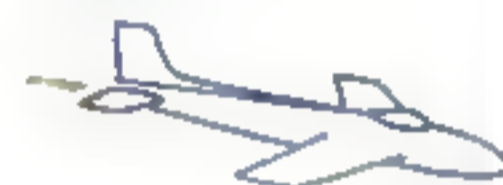
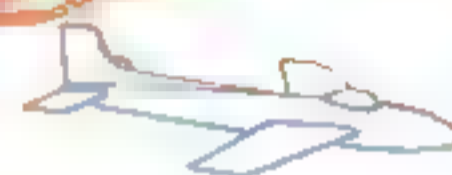
The New

Aero Willys

LOAFS AT 60 - CRUISES AT 75 - WITH POWER TO SPARE

UP TO 35 MILES PER GALLON WITH OVERDRIVE

DRIVER SEES ALL FOUR FENDERS



First Car To Combine Such Luxury With Record Mileage!

A blend of aero and auto engineering has created in the Aero Willys a new kind of car! Its ride is so cloud-soft and luxurious, you feel airborne. When you press the accelerator, it almost seems to sprout wings. Yet this amazing car gives mileage up to 35 miles per gallon in overdrive*. Before you buy any car in any class, drive an Aero Willys. WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS, Toledo, Ohio.



**TAKE AN 'AIRBORNE' RIDE
AT ANY WILLYS DEALER'S.**

Equipment, specifications and trim subject to change without notice. *Optional equipment, and white sidewall tires, extra. Economy axle ratio available.



Entire Drive System, from engine to rear axle, floats on rubber, effectively suppressing vibrations and noise.



61-Inch-Wide Seating, both front and rear, provides luxurious spaciousness for six full-grown passengers.



F-Head Hurricane 6 Engine with 76 compression tops all other American sixes in efficiency of power output.

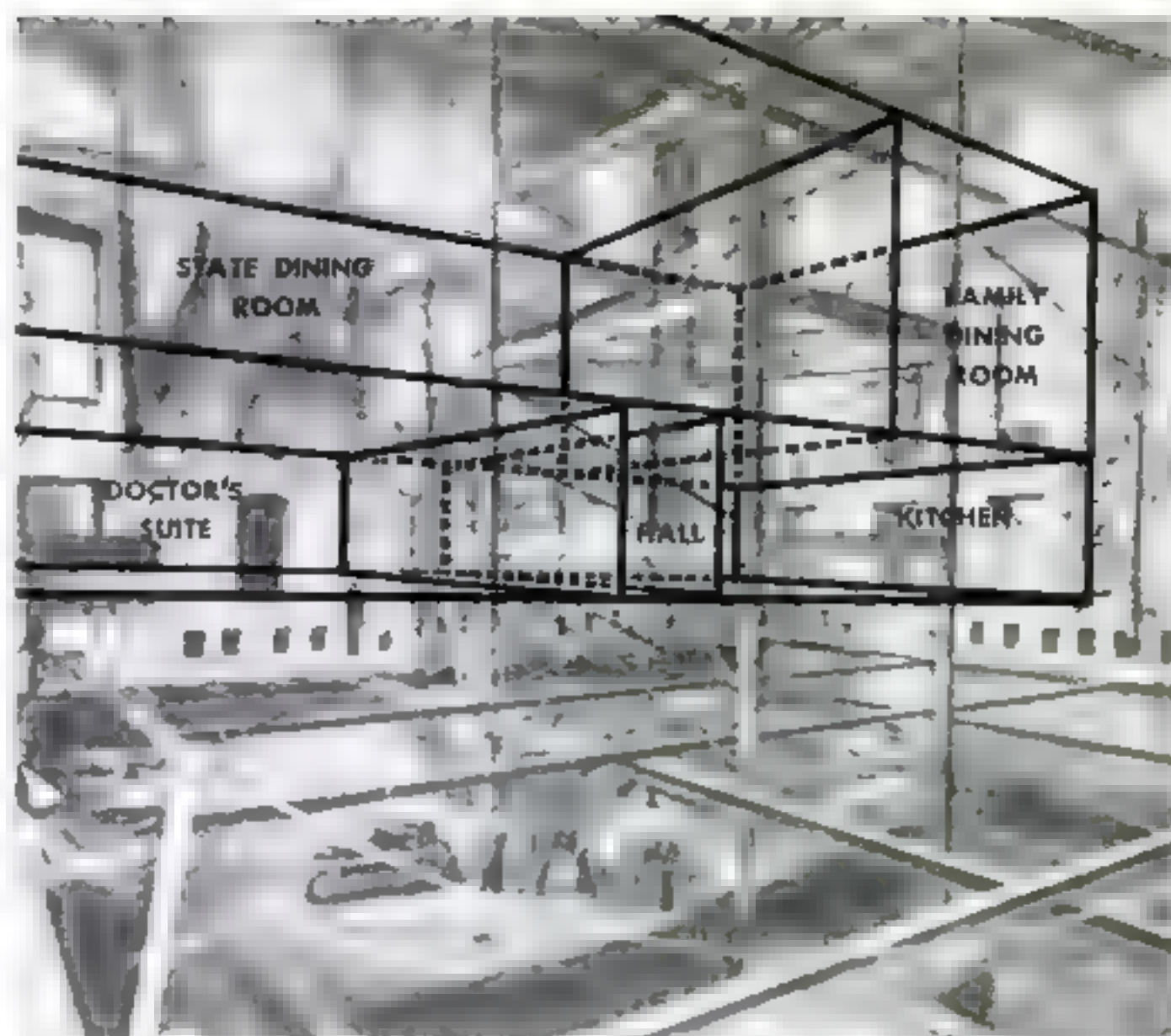


Willys builds for defense — military Jeeps, aircraft parts, many other products.

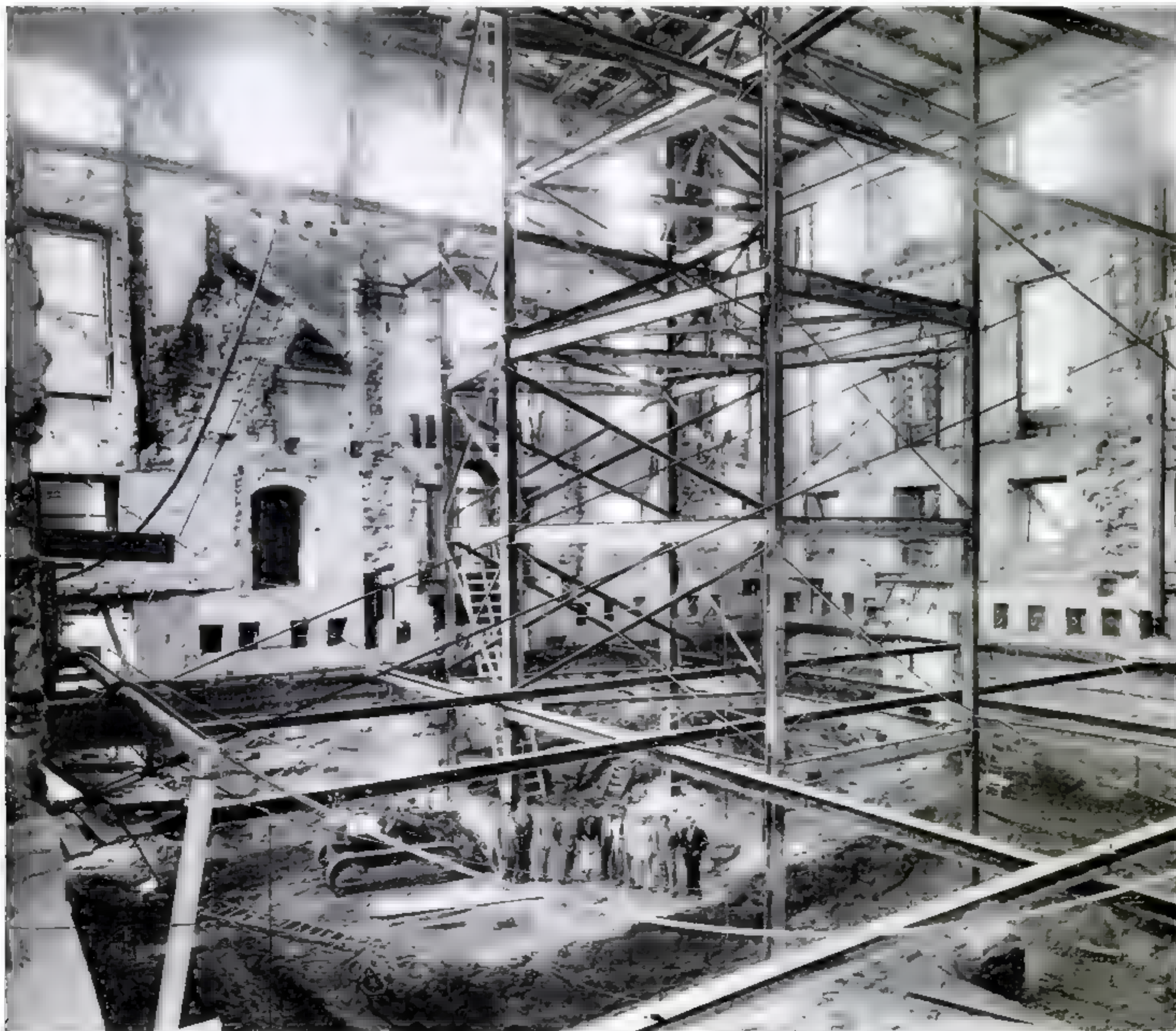
WHOLE INSIDES CAME OUT, A NEW STRUCTURE WENT IN

The reconstructed White House is literally a shell of its former self. The only thing that has not been changed is the historic sandstone exterior. Everything else has been completely rebuilt. To tear out the innards of the White House and put them back brand new without tearing down the outer walls was a whacking engineering problem. How it was finally solved is shown in the picture below.

The third floor and the roof, which were to undergo relatively minor alterations, were propped up by temporary steel shoring (center). The ground, first and second floors were ripped out. After the old inadequate foundations of the outer shell were replaced, bulldozers scooped out the basements and dug (right, foreground) for the new foundations. Then, to support the inside of the White House, a steel structure like a box-within-a-box was set up inside the old walls. The third floor was rested on the structure, and its temporary supports removed. Then with heavy anchor bars the historic outer shell was firmly attached to its brand new framework.



LOCATION OF ROOMS in west end of White House is shown in this diagram superimposed on picture below. Three-room doctor's suite is new for White House.



ENORMOUS SHELL of the White House is shown with its interior all torn out. Commission inspecting the renovation stands on the basement level. The

steel shoring holding up the third floor and the long horizontal braces are temporary. Inverted Y on west wall (left) is formed by flues. At right is the north wall.



TELEvised PASSENGER is photographed by a TV camera mounted in the gondola and appears on a screen in monitoring room atop the centrifuge building.



FROM CONTROL ROOM gondola appears as a blur as it passes the window at three G's. Controls can be set before a run so centrifuge operates automatically.

CENTRIFUGE has a giant motor (right) to swing arm holding gondola. At top rig is control room.

JET AGE WHIRLIGIG

Human centrifuge spins men into unconsciousness to reveal the cause and the cures of pilot blackout



Though modern aircraft are built to take the jolts of the jet age, the men who fly them are not. Pulling out of high-speed dives and turns, they black out, sometimes crashing before they recover consciousness. The huge "human centrifuge" (below) represents the latest attempt to find out how blackouts occur and what can be done to prevent them in today's planes and the passenger-carrying rockets of the future.

The \$5 million centrifuge was recently completed at the Navy's Air Development Center near Philadelphia. Resembling a souped-up version of an amusement park's aerial ride, it consists of a 50-foot arm on the end of which is a spheroid-shaped gondola where a man rides. The centrifuge's powerful motor can swing the gondola so rapidly that the centrifugal force on a passenger's body would reach 40 Gs—40

times the force of gravity and eight times the force that normally blacks out a pilot in a tight turn. To develop this force, the gondola travels in a 300-foot circle at 175 mph. The gondola contains instruments to record the passenger's pulse, brainwaves and respiration. An X-ray machine photographs his organs. And a television camera transmits to observers outside the strain registered on his face as he blacks out.



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AT GROCERS

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Whirligig CONTINUED



"SHRIMP BOAT," an auxiliary gondola, holds observer watching circulation in the eye of a seated subject nearing blackout point. Observer will remain conscious because his prone position prevents blood draining from brain.



WIRING PASSENGER for gondola trip, connections are made which will transmit his brain waves to the monitoring room (below). Electronic airplane equipment is also tested in the centrifuge to see how force affects it.



IN MONITORING ROOM an instrument scribes lines indicating physiological reactions of the man in the gondola. Watching him on the TV screen, monitors can have centrifuge slowed down if blackout becomes dangerous.

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AMERICA ON ITS KNEES:

A PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE BY CONRAD N. HILTON,
PRESIDENT, HILTON HOTELS CORPORATION

☆☆☆ *not* beaten there by the hammer & sickle, but FREELY, INTELLIGENTLY,
RESPONSIBLY, CONFIDENTLY, POWERFULLY. America now knows it can destroy communism
& win the battle for peace. We need fear nothing or no one... ...except GOD.

OUR ATHER IN HEAVEN:

WE PRAY that YOU save us from ourselves.

The world that YOU have made for us, to live in peace,
we have made into an armed camp.
We live in fear of war to come.

We are afraid of "the terror that flies by
night, and the arrow that flies by day,
the pestilence that walks in darkness
and the destruction that wastes at noon-day."

We have turned from YOU to go our selfish way.
We have broken YOUR commandments
and denied YOUR truth. We have left YOUR altars
to serve the false gods of money and pleasure and power.

FORGIVE US AND HELP US

Now, darkness gathers around us and we are confused
in all our counsels. Losing faith in YOU,
we lose faith in ourselves.

Inspire us with wisdom, all of us of every color, race and creed,
to use our wealth, our strength to help our brother,
instead of destroying him.

Help us to do YOUR will as it is done in heaven
and to be worthy of YOUR promise of peace on earth.

Fill us with new faith, new strength and new courage,
that we may win the Battle for Peace.

Be swift to save us, dear God,
before the darkness falls ☆☆☆



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Conrad N. Hilton
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Costs less than 19¢ a serving*

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|------------------------------------|--|
| 3 envelopes Ann Page Plain Gelatin | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 1/2 cup cold water | 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce |
| 3/4 cup tomato juice | 1/2 cup Ann Page Mayonnaise or Salad Dressing |
| 1/2 cup Ann Page Vinegar | 1/4 cup chopped Ann Page Stuffed Olives |
| 1 medium onion, sliced | 2 chopped hard-cooked eggs |
| 2 stalks celery and leaves, cut up | 1 cup sliced cooked tongue or left over meat or fish |
| 2 Ann Page Bay Leaves | |
| 5 Ann Page Whole Cloves | |
| 6 Ann Page Whole Black Peppercorns | |

Soak gelatin in cold water. Combine tomato juice, vinegar, onion, celery, bay leaves, cloves and peppercorns in a pot. Boil, cook slowly for 10 minutes, strain and gelatin. Stir until gelatin is dissolved. Add other seasonings. Cool. Pour 1/2 cups into quart ring mold. Chill until firm. To remaining tomato mixture add mayonnaise, eggs, olives and meat. Turn onto firm gelatin in mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on salad greens. 4 servings. *Cost based on price of longev.

*Cost based on prices at A&P Super Markets at present time.

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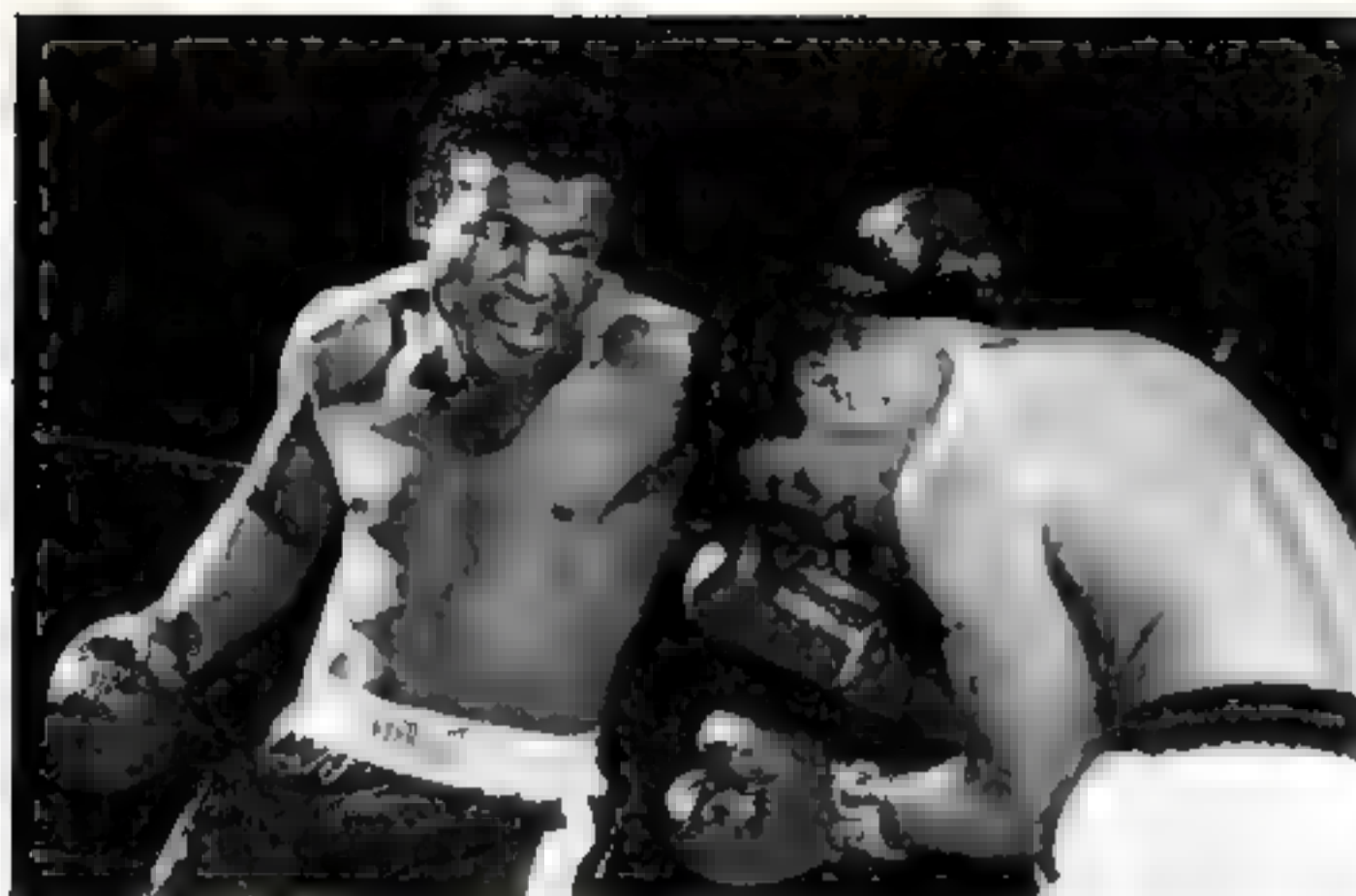


ANN PAGE

PROVES

*Fine Foods
Needn't Be
Expensive*





SAVAGE ATTACK by Robinson in early rounds of fight kept Maxim ducking and putting up a feeble defense against Ray's speed and slugging.

PITIFUL DEFENSE by exhausted Robinson in the 13th round is not enough to ward off Maxim's punches. Sugar Ray couldn't even raise his hands.

SUGAR MELTS IN 104° HEAT

Robinson is KOed by exhaustion

It had been New York's hottest June 25 in history and even after the sun had gone down the paint on the benches in Yankee Stadium was still blistering and peeling from the heat. In the ring under the blazing lights, world middleweight champion Sugar Ray Robinson was fighting two fights. One was against Joe Maxim, light-heavyweight champion of the world. The other was against the heat.

So far as the fight against Maxim was concerned, it was a most even contest. Maxim has always been accounted a skillful boxer but Sugar Ray boxed rings around him. Maxim was 15 pounds heavier but Robinson outslugged him. The judges gave Robinson at least nine of the first 12 rounds.

But the heat was something else again. It was more than 100° in the ring. At the end of the 10th round the referee collapsed and had to be replaced. By then Robinson, who had tried for an early knockout, was dizzy and exhausted. Going on by instinct, he outboxed Maxim until the 13th. But in that round (last prize) heat and exhaustion did what Maxim could not do. Having failed to pace himself properly, Robinson was unable to come out for the 14th. He was declared loser by a technical knockout—the first knockout he ever suffered.

Back in the dressing room Sugar Ray sat semiconscious on a table unable to speak. "His pulse was 180," reported the fight physician, "and his skin was gone dry and hot to the touch. He had lost seven pounds." "His body," said another doctor, "was like a rag doll's and his mind was just way out in left field."



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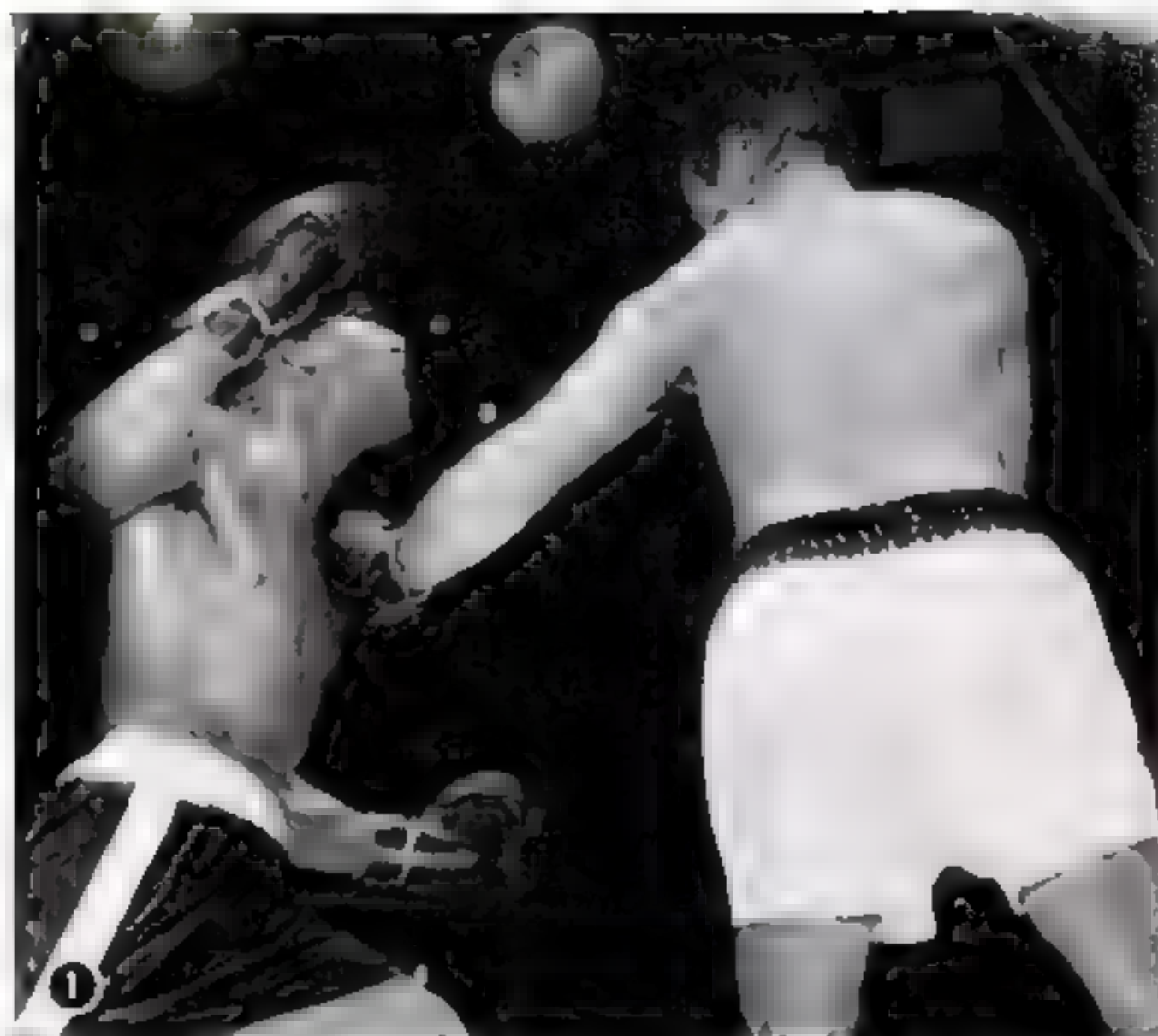
FOR DRY,
PARCHED

Sun-chapped
Lips

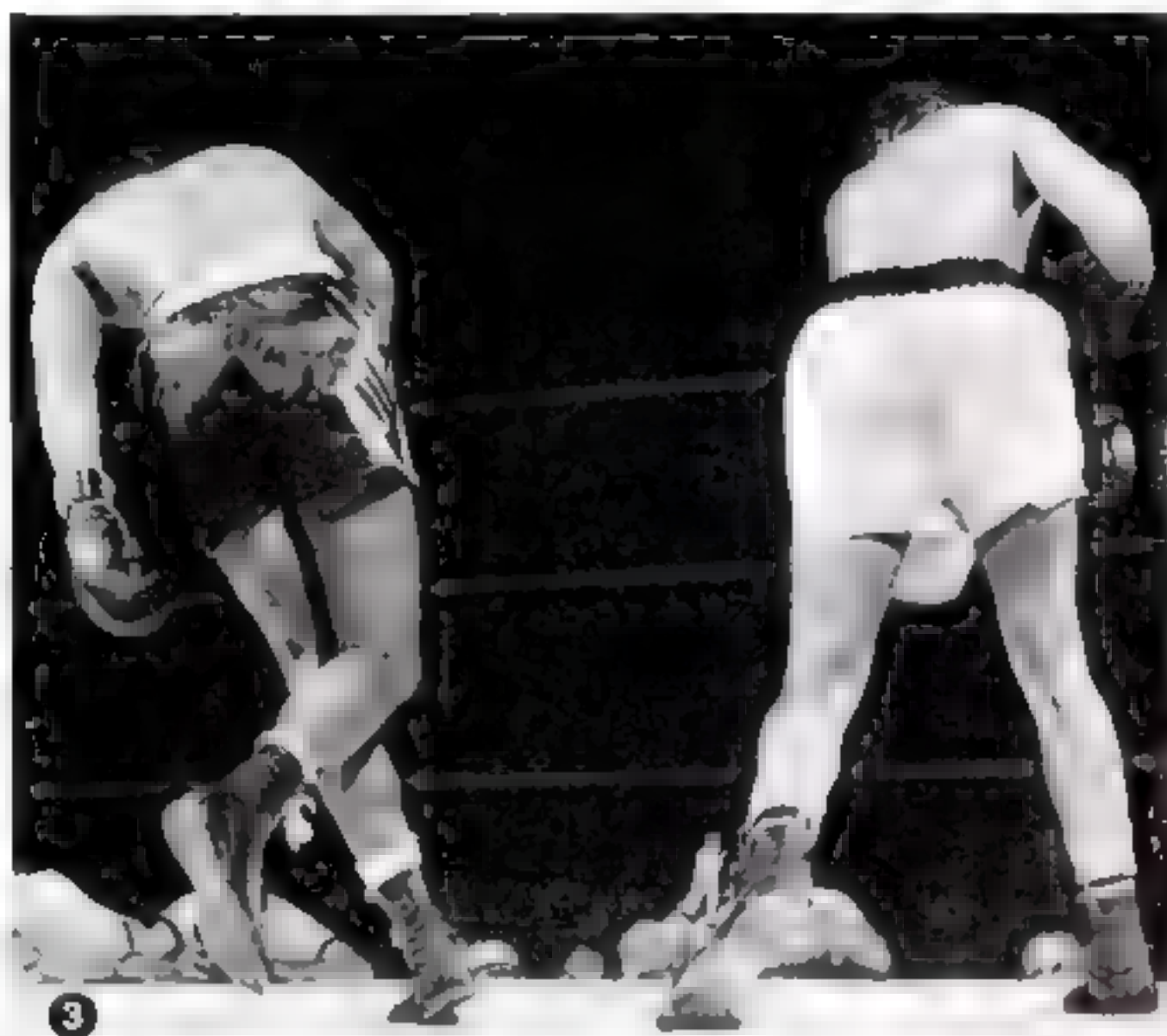
MEET'S
ChapStick

THE ANTISEPTIC LIP BALM

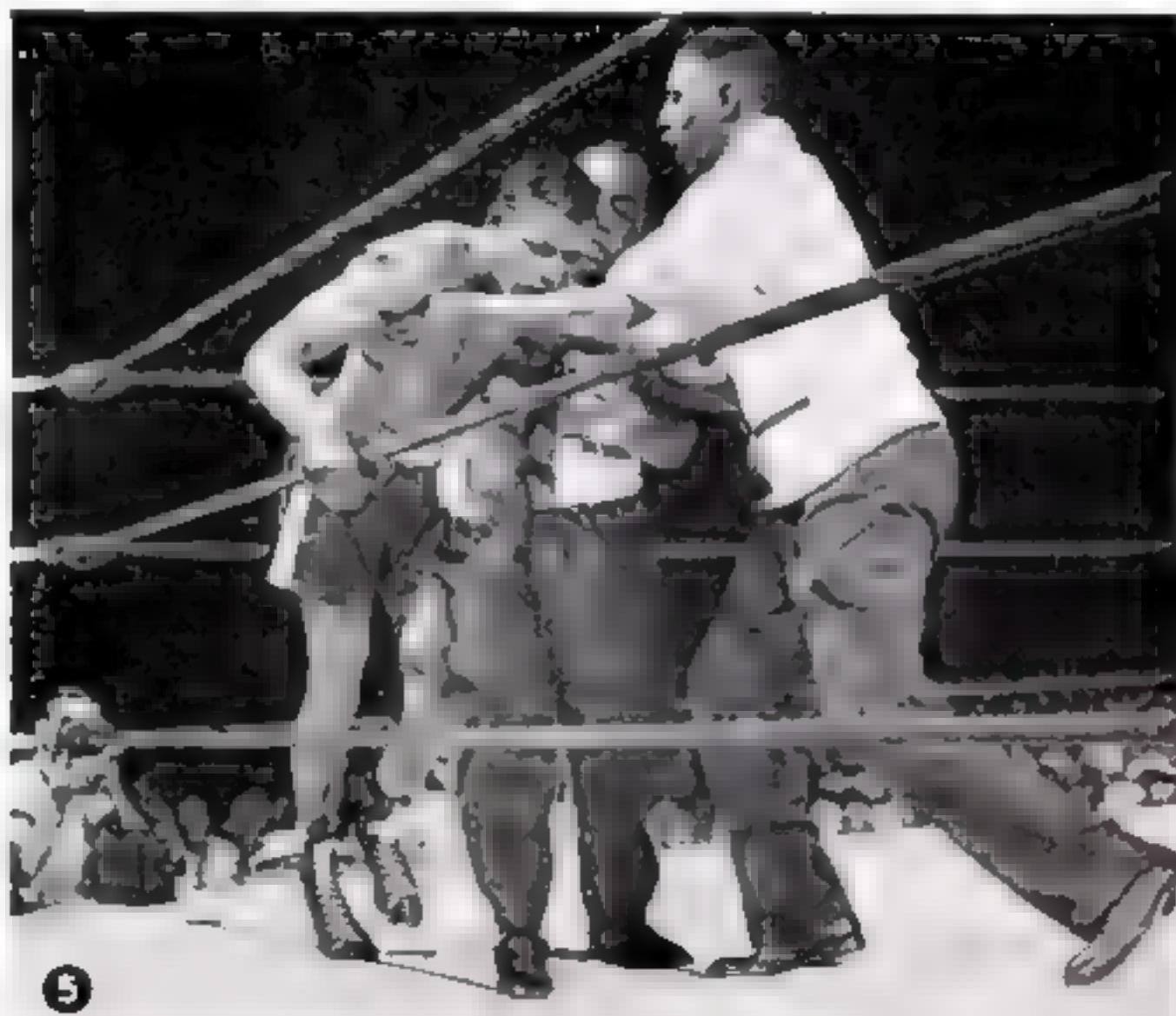
Sugar Melts CONTINUED



SUGAR RAY'S END is shown in pictures of 13th and final round. As round begins, Maxim shoots a hard left jab which catches Robinson flush on the jaw.



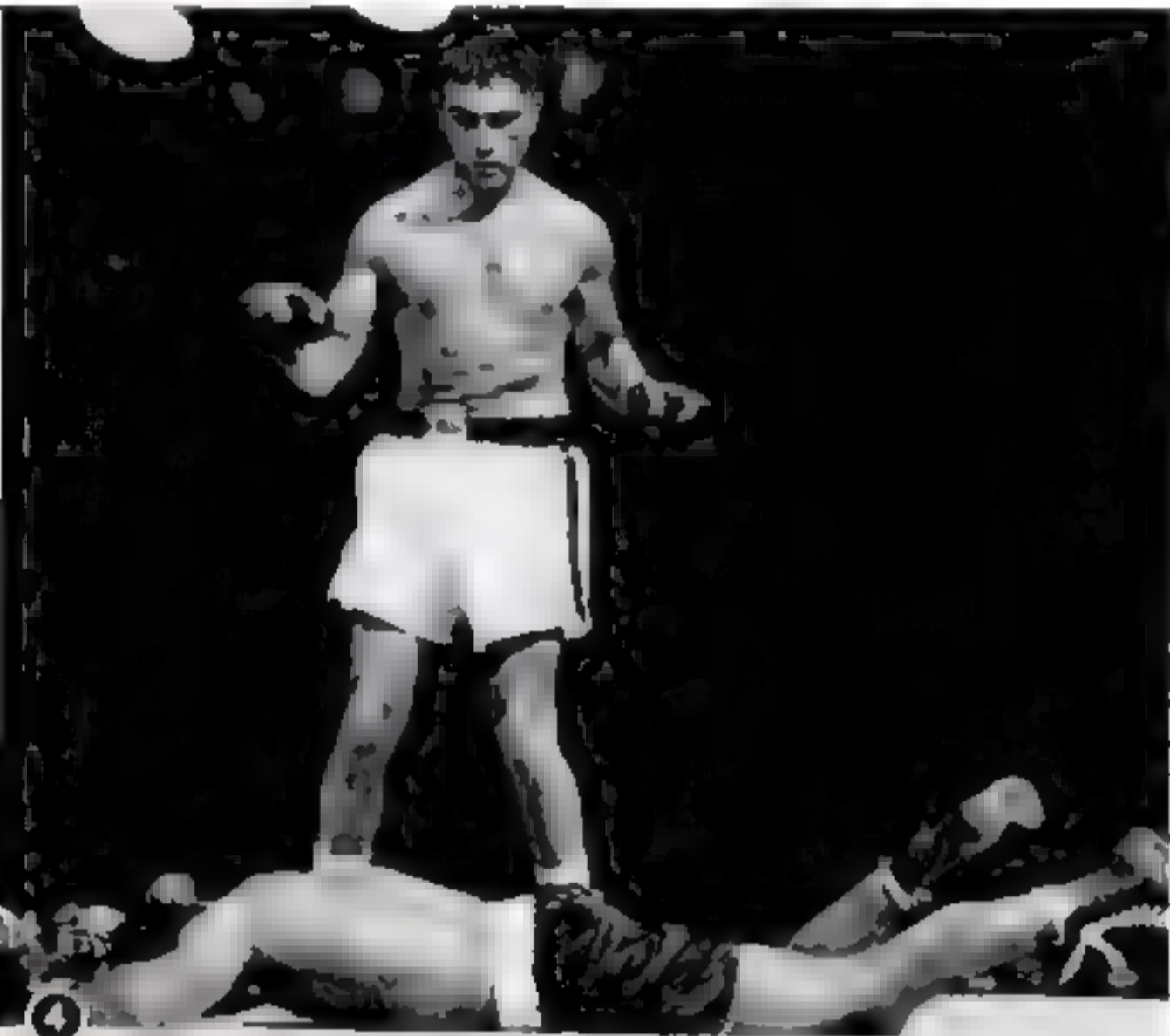
DESPERATION PUNCH is thrown by Robinson after Maxim misses with a left. Sugar Ray misses, spins and, knees bucking, lurches away, falling.



AT END OF ROUND, Robinson's handlers rush into the ring after he had blindly stumbled toward the wrong corner. They half-carried him to his stool.



OUTSIDE THE ROPES, where he has been pushed by the heavier Maxim, Robinson stands with arms sagging as Referee Ray Miller pulls Maxim away.



FLAT ON HIS FACE, having fallen from the momentum of his own missed punch, Robinson lies sprawled out on canvas. He got up after a count of one.



SLUMPED IN HIS CORNER, Robinson stares at the floor as ice bag is applied. Asked, "Can you stand up?" Robinson shook his head, fight was over.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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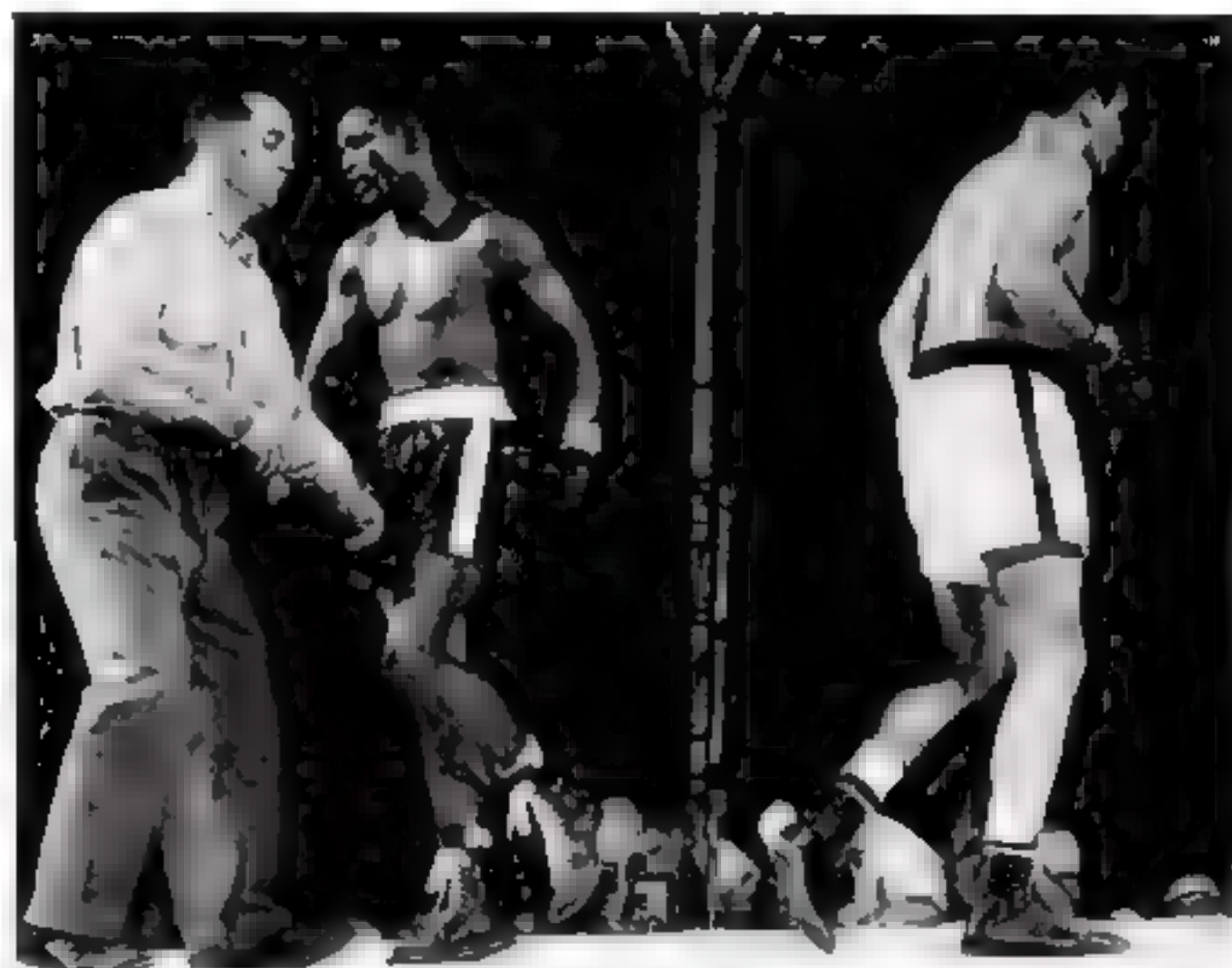
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Sugar Melts CONTINUED

HEAT FELLED REFEREE FIRST



REELING REFEREE Ruby Goldstein, overcome by the heat, totters precariously at end of 10th round as Robinson and Maxim go to their corners.



HELPED by Fight Physician Schiff, Goldstein makes way along the ropes.



HALF-CARRIED by Schiff, Goldstein is taken across the ring to steps.



WITH SWEAT-DRENCHED SHIRT, Goldstein leaves ring. Later he said, "I thought I was being roasted to death." A substitute referee took his place.



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'THE ONLY FABULOUS COUNTRY'

Here is America, in eloquent passages for everyone to read aloud, presented by a master of this newly revived and pleasurable old art

Selections by

CHARLES LAUGHTON

In the last few years Charles Laughton has been capping a successful career on the stage and in movies with an unexpectedly popular success in a form of entertainment that had all but died out: public reading. Reading aloud is a chore of love to Mr. Laughton. He performs with equal gusto straddling a chair (*opposite page*) and standing before theater audiences to whom he reads from the Bible and Shakespeare as well as from modern novelists and poets. Other actors (*LIFE*, March 3) have been following Mr. Laughton's lead in what has clearly become a revival of the old-fashioned art of reading aloud.

There was a time when this art was a familiar one in American homes. The editors of *LIFE* therefore invited Mr. Laughton, who became an American citizen two years ago, to make up for this Fourth of July issue a personal anthology of American writings to be read aloud.

By way of introduction Mr. Laughton explains: "Rather than pick pieces from writers of all periods and regions, I thought I would choose frankly from my own

favorites writing on the regions they knew best. America has great writers and great landscapes, and it occurred to me: nobody has connected the great writers with the great landscapes. That is what I set out to do, and the editors have matched my choices with fine pictures, like the one of the Hudson Valley (*below*) which is perfectly described by Washington Irving (*p. 73*).

"There are three pieces by Thomas Wolfe in my selections. I do not apologize for this. For me Wolfe is the great writer, the man who greatly described America as 'the only fabulous country.'

"People often ask me for advice on how to read aloud.

"I have no formula. One should read in a natural voice, feel comfortable and easy. That is all.

"Reading aloud to friends or family is a wonderful custom. I recommend it heartily to everyone."

Mr. Laughton's selections appear on the next 10 pages, each of them preceded by his comments (printed in italics) explaining why they were chosen.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY ALFRED EISENSTAEDT



A summer's midafternoon on the Hudson River in Washington Irving's Rip Van Winkle country

THOMAS WOLFE

from

OF TIME AND THE RIVER

During my naturalization proceedings, while the judge was preparing to administer the oath of allegiance, I kept thinking to myself that I was about to become a citizen of Thomas Wolfe's fabulous country. That is a measure of the impact Wolfe had on me and that is why I chose this passage from Of Time and the River to lead off my selections. Wolfe's passion for America, for its sights and sounds and smells, has in my opinion not been equaled by any writer of our time.

America is a fabulous country, the only fabulous country It is the place of all the fierce, the bitten colors in October, when all of the wild, sweet woods flame up; it is also the place of the cider press and the last brown ooziings of the York Imperials. It is the place of the lovely girls with good jobs and the husky voices, who will buy a round of drinks; it is the place where the women with fine legs and silken underwear lie in the pullman berth below you, it is the place of the dark-green snore of the pullman cars. . . .

It is the place where great boats are baying at the harbor's mouth, where great ships are putting out to sea; it is the place where great boats are blowing in the gulf of night, and where the river, the dark and secret river, full of strange time, is forever flowing by us to the sea.

The tugs keep baying in the river; at twelve o'clock the *Berengaria* moans, her lights slide gently past the piers beyond Eleventh Street. . . .

. . . it is the place of the stir and feathery stumble of the hens upon their roost, the frosty, broken barking of the dogs, the great barn-shapes and solid shadows in the running sweep of the moon-whited countryside, the wailing whistle of the fast express. It is the place of flares and steamings on the tracks, and the swing and bob and tottering dance of lanterns in the yards; it is the place of dings and knellings and the sudden glare of mighty engines over sleeping faces in the night . . . it is also the place where the Transcontinental Limited is stroking eighty miles an hour across the continent and the small dark towns whip by like bullets, and there is only the fanlike stroke of the secret, immense and lonely earth again. . . .

. . . it is the place of the red barn and the sound of the stabled hooves and of bright tatters of old circus posters; it is the place of the immense and pungent



smell of breakfast, the country sausages and the ham and eggs, the smoking wheat cakes and the fragrant coffee, and of lone hunters in the frosty thickets who whistle to their lop-eared hounds. . . .

. . . it is the place of ripe brainless blondes with tender lips and a flowery smell, and of the girls with shapely arms who stand on ladders picking oranges; it is also the place where large slow-bodied girls from Kansas City, with big legs and milky flesh, are sent East to school by their rich fathers, and there are also immense and lovely girls, with the grip of a passionate bear, who have such names as Neilson, Lundquist, Jorgenson, and Brandt. . . .

It is the place of violence and sudden death; of the fast shots in the night, the club of the Irish cop, and the smell of brains and blood upon the pavement; it is the place of the small-town killings, and the men who



Looking out from the trestle at the water tower at night

shoot the lovers of their wives . . . it is the place of the ugly drunks and the snarling voices and of foul-mouthed men who want to fight; it is the place of the loud word and the foolish boast and the violent threat; it is also the place of the deadly little men with white faces and the eyes of reptiles, and who kill quickly and casually in the dark; it is the lawless land that feeds on murder. . . .

. . . it is the place of the mile-long freights with their strong, solid, clanking, heavy loneliness at night, and of the silent freight of cars that curve away among raw piney desolations with their promise of new lands and unknown distances—the huge attentive gape of emptiness. . . . the place of the huge stillness of the water tower, the fading light, the rails, secret and alive, and trembling with the oncoming train. . . .

It is the place of the immense and lonely earth, the

place of fat ears and abundance where they grow cotton, corn and wheat, the wine-red apples of October, and the good tobacco.

It is the place that is savage and cruel, but it is also the innocent place; it is the wild lawless place, the vital earth that is soaked with the blood of the murdered men, with the blood of the countless murdered men, with the blood of the unavenged and unremembered murdered men; but it is also the place of the child and laughter, where the young men are torn apart with ecstasy, and cry out in their throats with joy, where they hear the howl of the wind and the rain and smell the thunder and the soft numb spitting of the snow, where they are drunk with the bite and sparkle of the air and mad with the solar energy, where they believe in love and victory and think that they can never die.



Kids toss rocks where Longfellow's Indian maiden once played

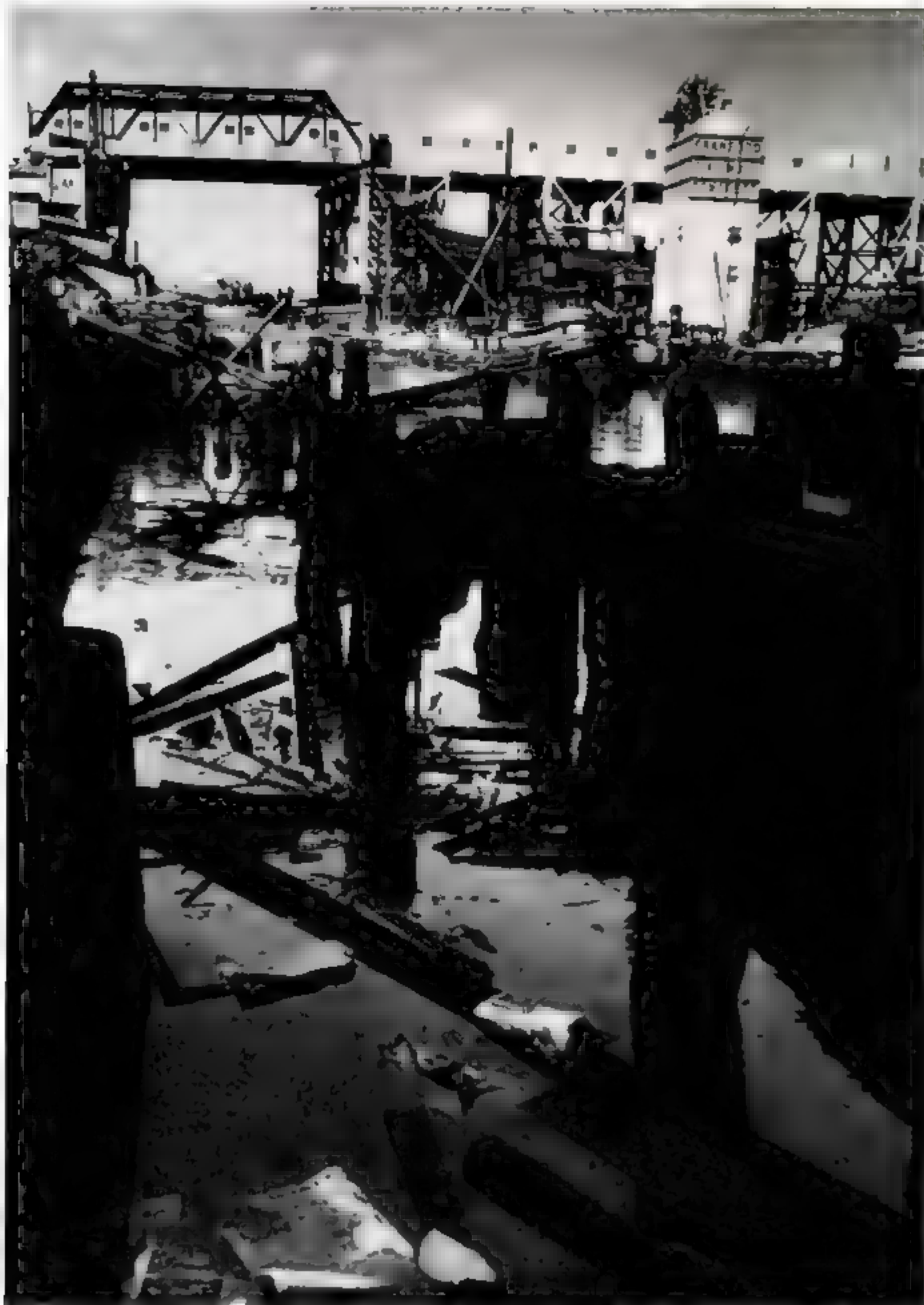
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW *from* THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

Here is a poem I remember from my childhood. (I imagine most Americans recall it from having been made to read it in school.) Because of it I made a point of visiting Minnehaha Park when I was in Minneapolis not long ago to see the falls which had been made so vivid to me by Longfellow. I remember that it was like a festival day. The park was crowded with families in a holiday mood and it seemed to me that everyone was excited to be near the running water. Afterward I took myself off to a bookstore and there once more read this poem.

Where the Falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley.

There the ancient Arrow-maker
Made his arrow-heads of sandstone,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
Smoothed and sharpened at the edges,
Hard and polished, keen and costly.

With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter
Wayward as the Minnehaha,
With her moods of shade and sunshine,
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,
Feet as rapid as the river,
Tresses flowing like the water,
And as musical as laughter;
And he named her from the river,
From the waterfall he named her,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.



Everybody throws anything into the Gowanus, but Wolfe loved it

THOMAS WOLFE

from

YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN

I think of Tom Wolfe as a giant. This passage which celebrates the mighty stink of the Gowanus Canal in Brooklyn always makes me think of a giant laughing. I believe it will match anything that Charles Dickens ever wrote in the same vein. In any case, it makes wonderful reading.

The tragic light of evening falls upon the huge and rusty jungle of South Brooklyn. . . .

This dark cellar is George Webber's abode and working quarters. Here, in winter, the walls, which sink four

feet below the level of the ground, sweat continuously with clammy drops of water. . . .

And what is that you smell?

Oh, that! Well, you see, he shares impartially with his neighbors a piece of public property in the vicinity: it belongs to all of them in common, and it gives to South Brooklyn its own distinctive atmosphere. It is the old Gowanus Canal, and that aroma you speak of is nothing but the huge symphonic stink of it, cunningly compacted of unnumbered separate putrefactions. It is interesting sometimes to try to count them. There is in it not only the noisome stench of a stagnant sewer, but also the smells of melted glue, burned rubber, and smoldering rags, the odors of a boneyard horse, long dead, the incense of putrefying offal, the fragrance of deceased, decaying cats, old tomatoes, rotten cabbage, and prehistoric eggs.

And how does he stand it?

Well, one gets used to it.

THOMAS WOLFE

from

OF TIME AND THE RIVER

"Play us a tune," this passage begins, and what follows is music. I enjoy speaking this passage as I am sure any reader will if he tries it aloud. I only wish that I could share the exhilaration Wolfe must have known when he wrote it.

Play us a tune on an unbroken spinet, and let the bells ring, let the bells ring! Play music now: play us a tune . . . do not strike music from old broken keys, do not make ghosts with faded tinklings on the yellowed board; but play us a tune on an unbroken spinet, play lively music when the instrument was new, let us see Mozart playing in the parlor, and let us hear the sound of the ladies' voices. But more than that; waken the turmoil of forgotten streets . . . throw the light of Wednesday morning on the Third Crusade, and let us see Athens on an average day. Let us hear the sound of the voices of the Greeks, and observe closely if they were all wise and beautiful at ten o'clock in the morning. . . .

. . . play us a tune on an unbroken spinet, and let us hear the actual voices of old fairs. . . .

Let us see the men who built the houses of old Frankfurt; let us see how they worked, and let us see them sitting on hewn timbers when they ate their lunches; let us hear their words, the sound of their voices. . . .

But there are times that are stranger yet, there are times that are stranger than the young knights and the horses, and the sounds of the eating taverns. The far time is the time of yesterday: it is the time of early America, it is the voices of the people on Broadway in 1841, it is the sounds of the streets in Des Moines in 1887, it is the engines of the early trains at Baltimore in 1853, it is the faces and voices of the early American people. . . .

The time that is lovely is the time of the fatness and of the bright colors; it is the elfin time of the calendars, and the sad and mysterious time of the early photographs. It is the time of the early lithographs, it is the time when the world was green and red and yellow. . . . it is the time of the green lawn and the blue sky and the white excursion-steamer in the river, and the flags, the streamers, and gay brown-and-white buntings, the brass bands and the tumult of all the people who cry out Hurray, hurray!

It is the time of the boy rolling his hoop down the pink path, and of Mama in a bonnet and with a muff, and a stuck-out bottom, and Papa with a derby. . . . it is the time when boys started on the downward path through cigarettes; it is a lovely time. . . . it is the time



of pitfalls that await the innocent country girl with a whaleboned collar and a small waist . . . it is the time of the gilded resorts with mirrors and soft carpets, where the mechanical piano played and you bought champagne, and of the High Class places and the Madam who would not stand for any ungentlemanly behavior, the time of the girls who wore evening dresses and were Perfect Ladies.

. . . it is the time of the Four Hundred, and the great names of the millionaires—the Vanderbilts, the Astors, and the Goulds . . . and the time of the fortune-hunting foreign noblemen (London papers please copy).

It is the time of the effeminate fop, and the lisping ass (Oh, Percy! I'll slap you on your wrist, you rough, rude thing you!); it is the time of the Damned Dude who wears English clothes and has cuffs on his trousers (Hey, mister! Is it raining in London?), and he never did anything in his life but spend his old man's money, he never did an honest lick of work in his life, he's not worth powder enough to kill him, and if the son-of-a-bitch comes fooling around any sister of mine I'll beat the everlasting tar out of him.

When the songs that they sang were old and sweet, when the songs that they sang were like beauty's from afar, and when people sitting on their porches in the dusk could hear (O sweet and low!) the corner quartette sing, "Sweet Adeline"; when the songs that they sang were "Daisy, Daisy, Give Me Your Answer True."



A weathered house against distant mountains—an old America that enraptured Wolfe and Irving

WASHINGTON IRVING

from

RIP VAN WINKLE

One day in the early thirties I set out from New York for Hollywood. Until then New York City was all I had seen of America. I traveled on the Twentieth Century Limited and so it happened that I first saw the Hudson River Valley through the windows of a railroad lounge car. The time was sunset. I thought it the most beautiful river landscape I had ever seen. I like this description of the valley in Washington Irving's Rip Van Winkle because he has caught the magic of this wonderful scene perfectly long before I was captured by it. Now, whenever I go by train from Chicago to New York, I always ask to be waked up at Albany even though we get there before six in the morning (and even though I hate rising early) to watch the Hudson River. I have never seen it look the same twice.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather,

indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village, of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In the same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived, many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle.



MARK TWAIN

from

LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI

I suppose to an American child many European things seem romantic when he reads or hears about them: the barbetters in the Tower of London, the white cliffs of Dover, the boulevards of Paris, the Mediterranean. But when I was a boy in England the most romantic place in the world to me was the Mississippi River. There have been lots of good things written about that river, about the plantations and the cotton, the river boats and the city of New Orleans, the magnolia trees and the songs of the Negroes. The best of them all, I have always thought, is Mark Twain's loving tribute to the river in

Life on the Mississippi. No boat could ever be so much at home on the river as his nostalgic memory of a gilded river. Now, when we are all so busy, let us indulge ourselves and read this as if it were a story.

My chief was presently hired to go on a big New Orleans boat, and I packed my satchel and went with him. She was a grand affair. When I stood in her pilot-house I was so far above the water that I seemed perched on a mountain; and her decks stretched so far away, fore and aft, below me, that I wondered how I could ever have considered the little PAUL JONES a large craft. There were other differences, too. The PAUL JONES's pilot-house was a cheap, dingy, battered rat-trap, cramped for room; but here was a sumptuous



A 20th Century stern-wheeler now makes her way up Mark Twain's river

glass temple; room enough to have a dance in; showy red and gold window-curtains; an imposing sofa; leather cushions and a back to the high bench where visiting pilots sit, to spin yarns and "look at the river"; bright, fanciful "cuspidores," instead of a broad wooden box filled with sawdust; nice new oilcloth on the floor; a hospitable big stove for winter; a wheel as high as my head, costly with inlaid work; a wire tiller-rope; bright brass knobs for the bells; and a tidy, white-aproned, black "texas-tender," to bring up tarts and ices and coffee during mid-watch, day and night. Now this was "something like"; and so I began to take heart once more to believe that piloting was a romantic sort of occupation after all. The moment we were under way I began to prowl about the great steamer and fill myself with joy. She was as clean and as dainty as a drawing-room; when I looked down her long, gilded

saloon, it was like gazing through a splendid tunnel; she had an oil-picture, by some gifted sign-painter, on every stateroom door; she glittered with no end of prism-fringed chandeliers; the clerk's office was elegant, the bar was marvelous, and the barkeeper had been barbered and upholstered at incredible cost. The boiler-deck (i.e. the second story of the boat, so to speak) was as spacious as a church, it seemed to me; so with the forecastle; and there was no pitiful handful of deck-hands, firemen and roustabouts down there, but a whole battalion of men. The fires were fiercely glaring from a long row of furnaces, and over them were eight huge boilers! This was unutterable pomp. The mighty engines—but enough of this. I had never felt so fine before. And when I found that the regiment of natty servants respectfully "sir'd" me, my satisfaction was complete.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

from

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

Once, in a movie called Ruggles of Red Gap, I spoke the address Lincoln made at Gettysburg. Since then a good many people think of me in connection with that place. To my sorrow, I have never seen the battlefield, but I plan to go there on my reading tour next spring. It is this poem, more than anything else, that has made me want to see Gettysburg

You took a carriage to that battlefield.
Now, I suppose, you take a motor-bus,
But then, it was a carriage—and you ate
Fried chicken out of wrappings of waxed paper,
While the slow guide buzzed on about the war
And the enormous, curdled summer clouds
Piled up like giant cream puffs in the blue.
The carriage smelt of axle-grease and leather
And the old horse nodded a sleepy head
Adorned with a straw hat. His ears stuck through it.
It was the middle of hay-fever summer
And it was hot. And you could stand and look
All the way down from Cemetery Ridge,
Much as it was, except for monuments
And startling groups of monumental men
Bursting in bronze and marble from the ground,
And all the curious names upon the gravestones. . . .

So peaceable it was, so calm and hot,
So tidy and great-skied.

No men had fought

There but enormous, monumental men
Who bled neat streams of uncorrupting bronze,
Even at the Round Tops, even by Pickett's boulder,
Where the bronze, open book could still be read
By visitors and sparrows and the wind:
And the wind came, the wind moved in the grass,
Saying . . . while the long light . . . and all so calm . . .

"Pickett came
And the South came
And the end came,
And the grass comes
And the wind blows
On the bronze book
On the bronze men
On the grown grass,
And the wind says
'Long ago
Long
Ago.' "

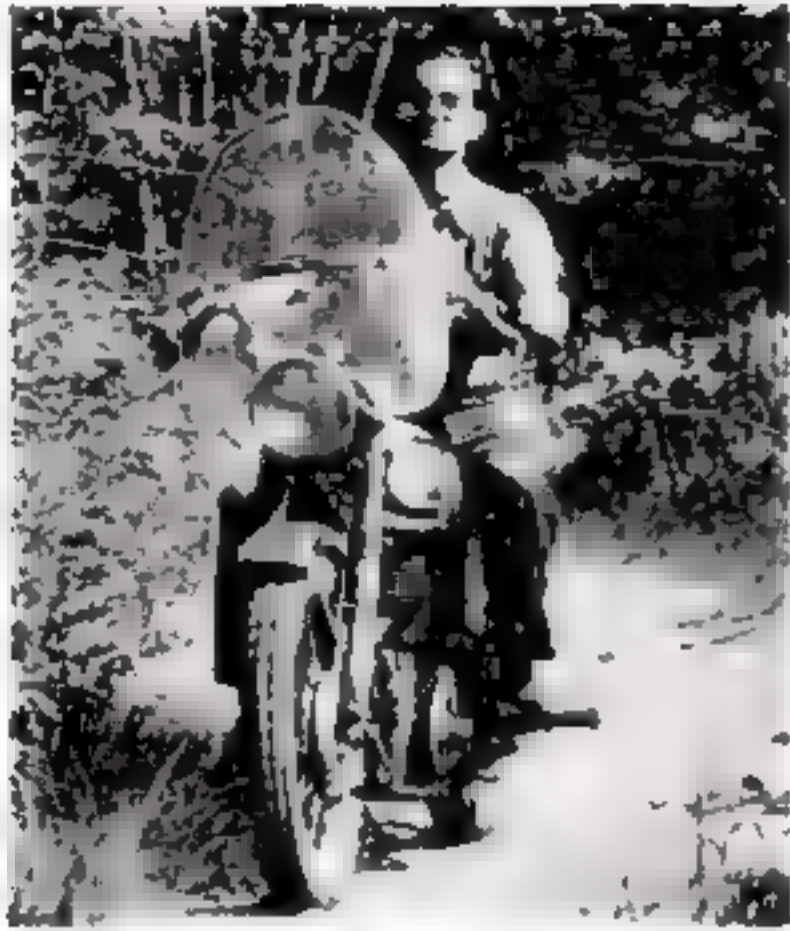
Then it was time to buy a paperweight
With flags upon it in decalcomania
And hope you wouldn't break it, driving home.





The Gettysburg battlefield is hushed, but pilgrims and poets still hear the past there





OFF FOR WEEKEND, Cox rides on cycle he bought from friend, Actor Marlon Brando.

MR. PEEPERS EMERGES

Comic Wally Cox takes time from bird-calling to portray oddly unscientific science teacher

Ever since he was a schoolboy Wally Cox has been making people laugh, sometimes unintentionally. He grew up to be a professional monologist, whose quiet, sly humor has been heard mainly in intimate Manhattan nightclubs. Speaking in a reedy half-lisp and looking like a small, belligerent bird, Cox has created a whole gallery of satirical little people who try to seem more important than they are.

To his fans and friends, Cox himself is as interesting as any of the characters he creates. He whistles intricate Bach fugues, patches holes in his pants with plastic rubber, has written and almost sold a play about a rose bush called *Violets Are Blue*. A nature lover, Cox describes himself as a flower-watcher. He also tries to be a bird-caller, but finds that most birds are uncooperative—won't answer his calls.

This week Cox's sharply fragile fun will have its biggest audience (about 5 million people) when he emerges as Mr. Robinson Peepers in a TV comedy serial on NBC-TV sponsored by the Ford Motor Company. As Mr. Peepers, Cox is a likable, pompous little science teacher who bumbles dizzily through his chores and tries to hide his confusion behind a barrage of oddly unscientific Peepersisms (*next page*).



FACING HIS CLASS as "Peepers," Wally Cox explains that he writes for a nationally known magazine called *Petal and Stem*. "My first article," he says, "is very nearly sensational. It is called *Are You Starving Your Dirt?*"

← COX PEERS AT WORLD THROUGH HOMEMADE, GREEN-WOOD GRILL

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



This suede jacket from Davton's Sun Fun Shop, Minneapolis, was made for flying. But it's almost as appropriate for zooming through a basketful of whiz-fast ironing . . . when you're helped by a Rid-Jid Ironing Table!

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WALLY DELIVERS PEEPERISMS



"No," explains Mr. Peepers to a student, "I don't believe oysters could be called exactly a voluntary friend of man. . . ."



"No, I don't think we know just how fast a de nosaur can run. . . . Yes, I think tonsils are useful to some people."



"The President of the U.S. might walk mand-a-k. 'What's kerosene's specific gravity?' Wouldn't you be silly not knowing?"



"Now, class, who can give me some examples of how ornithology is helpful in the real estate business? . . ."

LET'S EAT!



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Eat without fear of acid indigestion. Just take one or two Tums. Gas, heartburn, full feeling go fast. Tums neutralize excess acid, soothe and settle upset stomach. Tums do not over-alkalize or cause acid rebound. Cannot irritate delicate stomach or intestinal lining.



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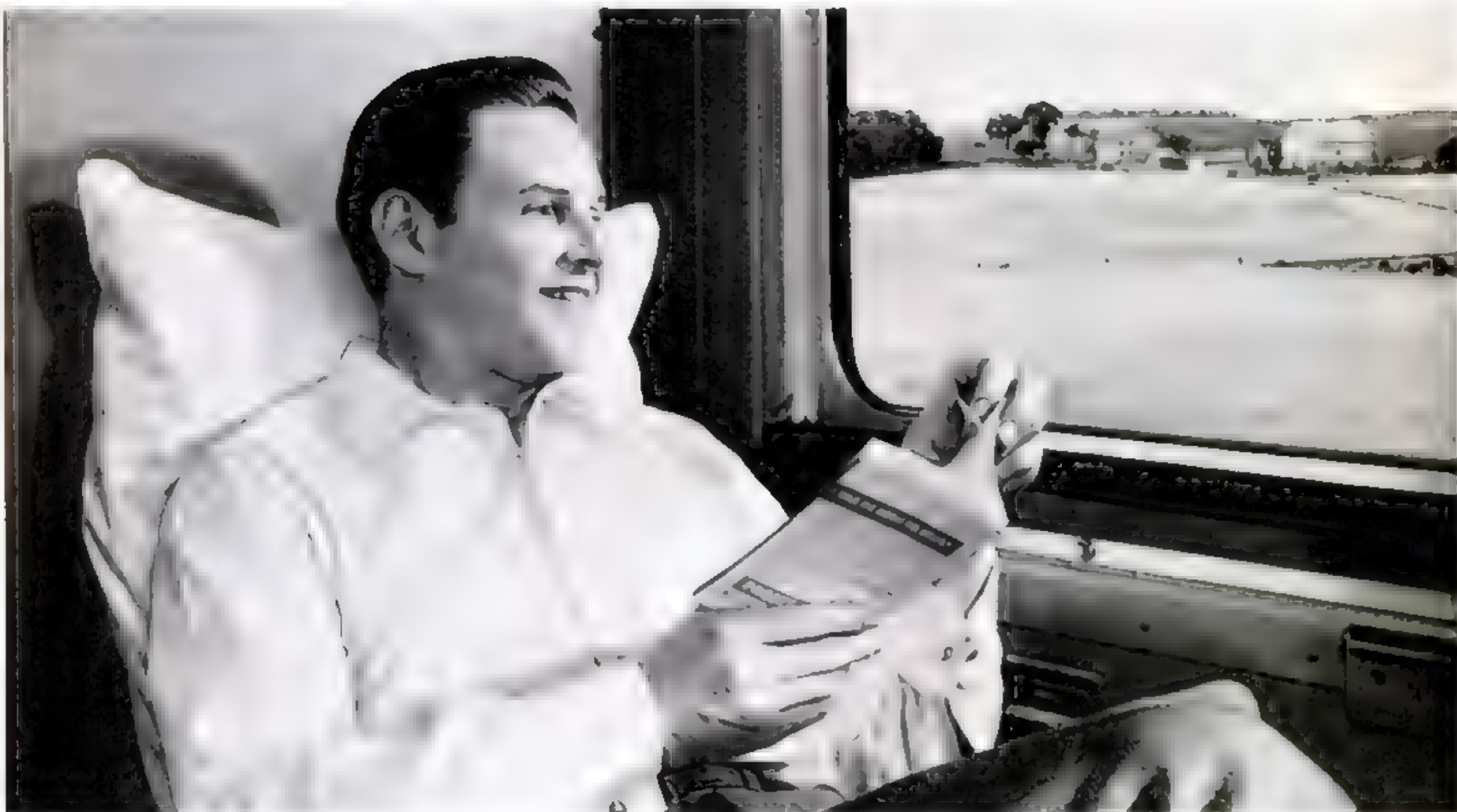
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Take it easy—

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BROMLEY DONS HIS STEP-INS

Life Goes to a Handicap Tennis Match

STRANGE IMPEDIMENTS PENALIZE THE PLAYERS

The Upper Nyack (N.Y.) Tennis Club is composed mostly of commuters who spend their weekdays in New York City dreaming of the games they can play on Saturday and Sunday. Like all other tennis clubs they have yearly tournaments, and like most others find that monotony creeps up on them by virtue of the fact that the same players keep winning year after year. For variety the club's wise men this year dreamed up a special kind of doubles tournament—handicap or obstacle tennis, in which the better players were outfitted with graded impediments: fur coats or boxing gloves, open umbrellas or buttonless pants, candles which cost their holder a game if they went out, pails of water which cost a point if a drop spilled. But despite the planners' best intentions, the winners turned out to be former champions.



CLUB CHAMP BILL ERICKSON WORE SKIRT, BALLOONS, GRINSKIN BETWEEN EYES, CARRIED LANTERN



DIMINISHING HANDICAP was large block of ice held up by former club president George Guelich.



VOLATILE HANDICAP was kite which women's champ Jane Erickson had to keep constantly in air.



CONSTRUCTIVE HANDICAPS were skirt and boxing gloves of Steve Bromley and Marion Jewett.

DAVE SPENCER LOST A GAME EVERY TIME HAT FLEW OFF HEAD OR INNER TUBE SLIPPED OFF HIPS →





TWO HEADED? NO HEADED?

The breathtaking burst of white feathers shown here is the rear view of a swan. But the heads protruding from either side of the feathers belong to two other swans. Somewhere behind the white canopy the first swan's head is buried in feathers as he preens himself in the warm sun.

Such puzzling patterns of hidden heads and shining plumage are a familiar sight at Round Pond in London's famed Kensington Gardens, where a flock of swans sails all summer long. The flock changes in size from one day to the next, for sometimes the birds wander to St. James's Park, or even to the Thames, returning with their white feathers oiled and blackened by the river water. Kensington Gardens officials think they have had as many as 40 or 45 swans in the pond—but of course, with the missing heads and extra necks, no one is ever quite sure.



"CLAMBAKE ON THE BEACH," by John Gannam. Number 70 in the series "Home Life in America."

In this friendly, freedom-loving land
of ours—*beer belongs ... enjoy it!*



Beer and ale have always belonged here in America. Samuel Adams, the Father of the Revolution, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was a brewer. Thomas Jefferson, considered the author of this document, favored beer as the beverage of moderation.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION
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Now
see for
yourself
why
LUCKIES
TASTE
BETTER!



See for yourself why
Luckies taste
so **CLEAN** and **FRESH**
and **MILD**!

Strip the paper from a Lucky by carefully tearing down the seam from end to end. Make sure it's from a newly opened pack and that you don't dig into or disturb the tobacco. Now, gently lift out the tobacco and compare it with any other cigarette.



You'll see Lucky Strike doesn't fall apart, but remains a perfect cylinder of fresh, clean tobacco—round, firm, fully packed. And note how free Luckies are from air spaces or "hot spots" that smoke harsh and dry—from annoying loose ends. That's why Luckies always smoke smoothly, evenly—give you that fresh, mild, clean taste.



You've seen that Luckies are made better—to taste better. Now light up a Lucky. You can taste the difference! For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco—long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting tobacco in the cigarette that's made better—to taste better! So, make your next carton—Lucky Strike!

Be Happy-

GO LUCKY!

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